

AN
APOLOGY
FOR THE
CONDUCT
OF
MRS. T. C. PHILLIPS.

VOL. II.



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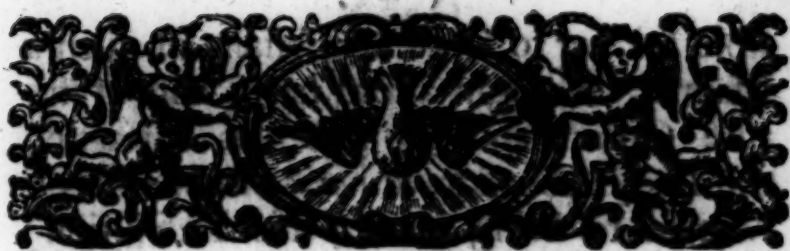
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THE Conclusion of our first Volume left Mrs. *Muilman* preparing for her Return to *England*; and it is certain, never poor Creature undertook a Journey so disagreeable: She had but one Consolation, and that was the Hope of a speedy Return, which she firmly resolved should be as soon as it was possible

sible for her to settle her Affairs in such a Manner; as might afford her a Life of future Quiet; and the generous Invitation the Lady Abbess gave her, was one strong Motive to bring her to this Resolution: There was something so humane in it, we hope our Readers will pardon our giving a Recital of it here.

It has been before mentioned, that the Abbess was a most agreeable Lady; and, as she had taken a particular Fancy to Mrs. *Muilman*, there commenced so great an Intimacy and Friendship between them, that she (Mrs. *Muilman*) kept no Secret in her Heart concealed from her; and when the Accident, we have lately mentioned, of Sir *H—P—*'s stabbing himself occasion'd her Return to *Ghent*, such a visible uneasiness hung upon her Spirits, it was impossible to be long unobserv'd by a Friend, who took so great a Part in every Thing that concern'd her; and, in the most obliging Manner, that Lady requested she would repose so great a Confidence in her, as to unburthen her Mind, and tell her the Cause of that unusual Uneasiness, which, she plainly perceived, clouded the natural Sprightliness and Gaiety of her Temper, very tenderly assuring her, that she should participate, with the strongest Sympathy, in any thing that gave her Cause of Affliction.

fiction. Mrs. *Muilman* thanked her in Terms full of Respect ; and, without Hesitation, told her the whole Story from the very Beginning, without concealing a Syllable.

The poor Lady heard her with great Emotions of Grief and Pity ; and many of the Passages, in Part already related, frequently drew Tears from her ; tho' she was a Lady of a most philosophical Temper, and masculine Understanding.

Many Days pass'd in this Relation before it could be concluded, for the Office Hours engross'd so much of her Time, they could only be together at Meals, and the Hours of Recreation, which are seldom more than two in a Day.

When Mrs. *Muilman* came to the Conclusion of her Story, she told her, with great Politeness, That she did not know how to reconcile to herself the Grief she felt for the Misfortune that was the Occasion of her Return to the Convent, and the Pleasure she had in seeing her once again :--- But, continued she, my dear Child, since this is the Case, the only probable Scheme I can propose, for your future Happiness, is a Thing, I am afraid, will seem to have it's Foundation in Self-Love ; because it will always procure me the Company of a Lady I greatly esteem.--You have, continued she,

young as you are, experienced much of the Vicissitudes of Life ; and, I am persuaded, have too much good Sense not to despise a World, which has by no Means been partial in your Favour ; nor can I find, throughout your whole Life, one Motive that should render it longer desirable to you : The unhappy Esteem you have for Mr. S ——— thought of itself to wear away, since you see no Ties, no Obligations, can bring that perfidious Sex to think a Woman is made for any Thing but their Prey ; they solve all the tender Proofs of Affection we lavish upon them into the Word *Gallantry* : It was an *Affair of Gallantry, he grew weary and left her* ; no Matter what *Sacrifice* she has made to indulge him. ——— I have myself (continued she, half blushing) experienced something of the Levity of that Sex before my Retreat from the World ; and, in all my Conversation with those who live in it, scarce find one Example to the contrary : Therefore, my dear Child, surely you can have no Objection to the leaving it. A World in which you have been so unkindly treated ; a World where the Woe is almost certain, and hardly any Comfort we find adequate to the Unhappiness of living in it.

As for my own Part, I must confess, that, with the natural Inclination I have to
love

love you, I have the greatest Compassion for you; and, if you can possibly settle your Affairs, so as to raise ever so small an Income, to supply yourself with Cloaths, and other little Necessaries, (for you will not want near the Quantity of either here that you wou'd were you to live in the World) you are welcome to me. I wish from my Soul (continued this amiable Lady) my little Allowance from my Family were enough for us both; but Pensions for our private Pockets, after we profess, you know are but small, and as we have but one common Stock in a Community, I will gladly pay your Pension out of my little: I conjure you to accept of it, without the least Reluctance; we will always live together like Sisters, or the dearest Friends, and this will be an Asylum to you, where you may enjoy an uninterrupted Calm of Mind. ——— However, I wou'd, as Things are circumstanced, have you return to *England*; for I am apprehensive this mad Man (meaning Sir H. P.) will certainly come over here, and that wou'd make a Disturbance, I wou'd, if possible, have you avoid, in a Town in which you purpose to live, and are in so high Esteem: Neither do I see any Possibility of your living in Quiet any where, 'till this dangerous Man can be brought to consent to

your Separation. If he agrees to that, return when you will, I shall always receive you with the greatest Satisfaction.

Amiable Lady! how few are there of this humane and charitable Disposition! —

Here was no Pride, no Scorn, no insulting Superiority over a frail Creature, whom her natural Charity inclined to commiserate, and bring back to Goodness; she only bless'd her *good Stars that she was virtuous*, because that very Virtue had put her in a Condition to offer the unhappy Mrs. *Mulman* a peaceable Retreat from her Misfortunes. — Noble Sentiments! Virtue worthy Imitation! and it is certain no one can retain a higher Veneration and Respect, than she does for that worthy Lady, with whom to this Time she has the Honour to correspond.

But to return to our Story, from which we hope our Readers will pardon this Digression, it being the least Tribute she could pay to so laudable a Friendship.

When she came to *Dunkirk*, being alone in a Post-Chaise, and left to the Uneasiness of her own Reflections, the Agitation of her Mind so much disordered her, that she was quite in a Fever, and was forced to stay to repose herself two or three Days; tho' indeed there was but little Appearance the

the Rest she hoped for, could bring any Calm to her Mind. — The Shocks she had met with, began to convince her, that neither Beauty, nor the Charms of a gay Life, were the Means by which solid Happiness was to be attained: There was a Something to be prefer'd to all these, far more desirable and lasting; but which Way to steer to that desired Port, was the Difficulty; for we may truly compare her to a Vessel torn by Tempests, which, by shipping an unlucky Sea, all her Hands were washed over-board, and she left a Wreck to the Mercy of the Winds and Sea, without one friendly Hand to guide the Helm, and which Way soever she is driven; — if into the Hands of Man — they seem hitherto to have been born her common Enemy!

Let us reflect but a Moment upon her melancholy Situation, and, to feel for her, our Readers must suppose themselves in the same Condition; forced from a Retirement in which she tasted all the Sweets of Peace and Solitude: Such, and such only, are the Blessings that make Life desirable; at least, they were those which, by her Description, could then have made her happy: But, instead of this, she was driven, by her prevalent Humanity, into a Commerce with a Man she had no sort of Affection for, far-

ther than meer Compassion and a Fear of his destroying himself; which, in other Words, is to say, she was absolutely to sacrifice herself, and her continual Peace of Mind, to the Preservation of a Person with whom she was to pass her Life in continual Terror; and all this for what?—Good Heavens! for not so much as the Prospect of one happy Moment!

With these very disagreeable Reflections, she lay awake early in the Morning: It was the second Day after she came to *Dunkirk*, when somebody knocking suddenly at her Chamber-Door, she enquired who was there, and was answered by a Voice which she knew to be Sir *H—P—*'s.

She, immediately rising from her Bed, slipped on a Gown, and opened the Chamber-Door; where he appeared, but, with Illness and Fatigue, more like a Spectre than a living Creature, and had hardly Strength to walk into the Chamber; when throwing himself upon his Knees, and embracing her, he said, Well, my dear *Conny*, Heaven has heard my Prayers; I am here at your Feet, and the sooner my miserable Life ends now, the better.

The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, than he sunk down upon the Floor in a fainting Fit; from which, there seemed

ed hardly any Appearance he would ever revive. However, with the Assistance of his Servant, who was by this Time come into the Room, she got him up, and, laying him upon the Bed, used all possible Means to bring him to himself; and for this Moment, all her own Unhappiness was absorbed in Tendernefs and Care for him.

It must be owned, he was in a Condition that would have moved a Heart far less susceptible of Tendernefs than her's; yet, with all the Care that could be used, it was some Hours before they could bring him more to his Senses, than just to open his Eyes, and cry, O! my Conny!—— Then let them fall again, and sink away, as if he was bidding her and the World an eternal Adieu.

She sent for a Physician to his Assistance, and, with great Care and Fatigue, in about ten Days Time, he was in a Condition to travel: But before he would suffer anything to enter his Lips, he extorted from her all the Promises he could think of, that she would not leave him; which, in the Condition he was, she found impossible, indeed it would have been inhuman, to refuse.

Thus assured, and with his Mind something calmer than at their Meeting, they
set.

set out for *Calais*, where the Ship, which brought him over, waited their Return; but the Wind being contrary, they were detained near ten Days: She had, however, an Opportunity to observe, that what he had suffered, maugre all his Promises, had wrought no Sort of Change in his Temper: He was the same *jealous, miserable Wretch*, as heretofore; and, to such a Degree did he carry his Fear of losing her, that it was beyond Nature or Reason, and was now arrived to such a Height of Extravagance, he would not suffer her to go to a Window, for Fear any body should see her; and she was under a Necessity of making a most contemptible Figure in a Place, where the Governor, the Intendant of Marines and his Family, the First President, and, in fine, all the People of Fashion in the Town, were her intimate Acquaintance. They came to pay her Visits, and she was obliged to be denied; which was a great Mortification to her.

His Grace the late Duke of *Hamilton*, and several other People of Quality, whom she had the Honour to be known to, waited for a Passage, in the same House, who sent their Compliments, and desired to see her; but were, for the same Reason, refused:

fused : And, to prevent any body going over in the Ship with them, (which would have been a great Benefit to the Captain, as the Town was very full of *English*, who waited to embark, and there were only two Ships on that Side) he sent for the Captain, and told him, that notwithstanding his Agreement was to give him only Ten Guineas, for the Passage to and from *Calais*; yet, to make up the Loss he must necessarily sustain, by not taking any Passengers but themselves, he would make them Ten, Forty, if he would carry them quite through to *Greenwich*: The Thought of landing at *Dover* was as terrible to him, as any Phantom of his Imagination; for there he might have met with some *English* of his Acquaintance, with whom, in good Breeding, he could not have avoided joining Company.

His Coach and Six waited all this Time at *Dover*, and by the other Ship there were Orders sent for it to proceed to *London*; (a Conveniency 'tis probable some of the Passengers were not sorry to take the Advantage of) and he, tho' sick to Death at Sea, would go round; and, instead of a Passage of Four Hours, they were Five Days at Sea. However, at last they arrived at *Greenwich*, where he had ordered private Lodgings to be taken, 'till a House was prepared

prepared for her Reception in *London*. In about ten Days there was one taken in *Old Bond Street*, to which he removed her.

The few Days she stayed at *Greenwich*, he continued to torment her, as usual, with his Fears and Jealousies: Indeed there was no Probability of his being easy, for had she been locked in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, were there any Passage left for the Air to penetrate, that, to him, would have seemed a Rival.

Tired to the last Degree, thus she dragged Life along; resolving to break her Chain as soon as possible, yet fearing to give him the least Intimation of her Intention: But what the best concerted Scheme of her's would possibly have never effected, Time of itself brought about, with more Wisdom, and less Danger; and threw in her Way Means for her Deliverance, she little expected.

In the Midst of her disagreeable Imprisonment, Fortune brought Lord *F*—— to *England*, with whom she had contracted, in her Rambles, some slight Acquaintance; and, as he happened to take Lodgings the very next Door to her, it was almost impossible for him to avoid seeing her, because the Closets, or little Rooms, they each of them dressed in, exactly faced each other.

By

By this Means my Lord soon saw her; and, as he was a Man of great Gallantry, it is not much to be wondered, he sought the Acquaintance of Mrs. *Muilman*, whose Person was then in it's highest Lustre.

But the Pains my Lord took to watch for a Sight of her, was soon discerned by her unhappy Lover, whose natural Jealousy was his *Argus*; and, I am of Opinion, it would have been much easier to have stolen *Jove's* Favourite from the Hundred-eyed Guard, than to have robbed Sir *H—P—* of one single Glance of her, unperceived; and the bare Suspicion of such a Thing happening, made him almost distracted; for

*Trifles, light as Air, are to the Jealous
Confirmation strong ———*

The first Thing he did was to insist upon her changing her Dressing-Room, that there might be no Opportunity of their making Love, like the *Sicilians*, by the Eyes; tho' this Precaution was but of little Use to him, for a Masquerade soon happening, to which Sir *H—P—* had promised to carry her, she found Means to let Lord *F—* know her Dress, who very industriously sought an Opportunity to renew his Acquaintance with

with her ; and accordingly, when they were at the Masquerade, while Sir *H*—*P*— stood at the Gaming-Table, with her Hand under his Arm, very intent upon his Play, Lord *F*— took that Opportunity to tell her his Mind, unperceived by Sir *H*— ; and, at the same Time, put a Letter into her Hand, which she promised, in a few Days, to give him an Answer to ; and, when they returned Home, she read the Letter, and found it as follows.

MADAM,

NOTHING that I apprehend from the Knight's Resentment gives me the Caution I now take in approaching you, but the Fear I am in of any Uneasiness it may give you, is Reason sufficient for my taking every Precaution, to prevent your being exposed to the Rage and Jealousy of a Fool, and a Madman. I have, I believe, the Honour to be very well known to you ; my Circumstances consequently are so : I have not Six Thousand Pounds a Year to lay at your Feet ; but were I Master of Sixty, you should be Mistress of them. I don't know how much my Heart may be enslaved by your Beauty ; but, this I am sure, my Soul is melted with Compassion at your Situation : Therefore, in one Word,

Word, (for I know you have too much Sense to like a whining Lover) if I can make you happy, the End of your Unhappiness is at hand; your Deliverance is in your own Power: Break your Chain:— I will receive you with all the Transports of an ardent Lover, and the Esteem and Tenderness of a faithful Friend. I beg it as a Favour, you will give this Proposal a Moment's serious Consideration, and do me the Honour of an Answer; because I have made a Promise to go with some Friends, for a little Time, into the Country; and, 'till I receive your Commands, I don't know how far I shall be at Liberty to keep my Appointment.

I am,

MADAM,

Your most humble Servant,

F—:

She faithfully observed what my Lord recommended to her, for she gave his Letter many a serious Reading. She weighed every Circumstance of her present melancholy Condition, with the miserable Life she led, and was likely to lead, on the one hand; on the other, the Preference a reasonable Creature ought to give a young Nobleman, lovely in his Person, with great Vivacity, Sprightliness, good Sense, polite Address,

Address, and, to accompany all his other amiable Qualities, the most happy Temper, and greatest Good-Nature, of any Man upon Earth. The Consideration of Fortune could never balance here, tho' my Lord had possessed but Six Hundred Pounds a Year, and Sir H—— P—— as many Thousands; at least, I am sure it would not with her: Therefore it is the more surprizing, she hesitated a Moment which to prefer; but an Accident happened during this Interval, that soon brought her to a Determination.

Sir H—— P—— was to go to *Westwood*, a fine Seat he had near *Worcester*; and absolutely insisted upon her going down into the Country with him, and staying the Summer at *Worcester*; where he might visit her every Day.

This she was determined not to do on any Terms, and entreated him not to insist upon a Thing that was so very disagreeable to her; telling him, it would be a Shock she should be utterly unable to bear, to go into a Country-Town, quite a Stranger, under the Denomination of Sir H. P.'s Mistress; where she must be sure to be shunned by every Body, and, if she attempted to stir abroad, be only made the contemptible Gaze of *savage-bred* Country-People.

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It was in vain for her to use farther Arguments ; the Eloquence of a *Cicero* would not have perswaded him to go without her, and her absolute Refusal was Conviction to him, clear as Light, she had some other Lover in View. It may be truly observed, with the inimitable *Doctor Young*, that

The Jealous are the Damned.

With this Rack of Mind he walked all Night up and down the House, not like a Man disordered in his Senses, but one absolutely distracted ; and all the Arguments she could make Use of, were to no Effect, while she still refused to go into the Country. In short, he so terrified her, that she sent for a Servant he kept out of Livery, whom she obliged to sit in the Room with them all Night, and kept all the rest in the House waking, for Fear of his attempting to destroy himself.

In the Morning *Mr. Dedier*, the Surgeon, who had attended in his late Illness, came to pay him a Visit ; which gave her an Opportunity to retire, and change her Cloaths, in order to refresh herself, after the Fatigue of setting up all Night.

While she was gone, he (*Sir H. P.*) told *Mr. Dedier* some strange Story of a *fancied Illness*, and desired he would let him
Blood.

Blood. Mr. *Dedier* felt his Pulse, which was very feverish, with having sat up raving all Night: The violent Agitation of his Spirits, no Doubt, must have disordered him extremely.

Mr. *Dedier* approved of his taking away a little Blood, and that Operation was accordingly performed; but he soon sent him away, under Pretence of preparing for him some Manna and Salts, which he promised to take to cool his Blood: But the Moment Mr. *Dedier* was out of the House, he made fast the Dining-Room, and Bed-Chamber-Doors, untied the Bandage from his Arm, and then lay down on the Bed, resolving, as he afterwards told her, to bleed to Death; and, most probably, would have done so, had not her Maid who went down for a Bottle of Water, heard him groan in a dismal Manner; and endeavouring to open the Doors, found them both double-locked. The Girl ran up to her Mistress in a most terrible Surprise, and told her Sir *H.* she believed, was dying; that he groaned in a most shocking Manner, and had locked himself in.

Mrs. *Muiltman* was too well acquainted with the Violence of his Temper, not to apprehend his attempting every Thing that was rash and desperate; and, half-naked as she

she was, ran down Stairs, where listening at the Door, she could hear him groan, tho' very faintly: She called several Times, and begged, for Heaven's Sake, he would open the Door; but he was unable to make her any Answer. At last, with the Assistance of Servants, and some Chairmen which they called in to help them, they broke the Door to Pieces, and got into the Room, where they found him laying in a Convulsion Fit, weltering in his Blood; for the least he could have bled, to all Appearance, was near two Quarts. Never was Consternation equal to her's!

They immediately bound up his Arm, and sent for a Physician to take all possible Care of him; and, in two or three Days, when he was fit to be moved, he was carried to his House in *Albemarle-Street*, where he had his own Servants and People continually about him to watch, for Fear of his doing himself any other Violence; but, to make him easy, she was obliged to stay with him in the Day-Time; and it was with the greatest Skill and Care imaginable, that he at last got the better of this inconsiderate Action.

However it determined her, let what would be the Consequence, to leave him, for the continual Terror she lived in, made Life quite a Burthen to her; so that she

now

now began to consider, what was the most prudent Step she could take, to secure herself effectually from the Rage and Madness of his Resentment. Had she had any certain Dependence, as to Fortune, tho' ever so humble a one, she would have soon determined in Favour of a final Retreat from the World; but that was an Obstacle impossible for her to surmount, without tempting Fortune a-new, and, in all human Probability, exposing herself to Miseries, that might be full as intolerable as those she was endeavouring to escape.

In this Perplexity of Thought, she at last resolved to see Lord F. (as she flattered herself) to ask his Advice; which meant no more, than that she was resolved to put herself under his Protection; and wanted to be persuaded to do the Thing, she had already determined (*a Ceremony the Ladies frequently accustom themselves to*) at her first Interview with my Lord.

The Thing was agreed upon between them: But it was resolved, that she should go for a Month, or Six Weeks, into *Oxfordshire*, to a Friend's House; and that, in the mean time, Lodgings should be taken for her, to which she should repair on her Return to *London*. She likewise hoped, during that Interval, Sir H. P. would so far reconcile himself to the Loss
of

of her, as happily to free her from his future Importunities; though in this, our Readers will find, she was greatly mistaken.

When she came to Town, she went directly to the Lodgings my Lord *F.* had taken in *Gerrard-Street*; and the first News she heard was, that Sir *H. P.* had been so distracted, that for three Weeks he had been tied down in his Bed, and was still raving about in Pursuit of her like a Madman.

She took all possible Care to keep the Place where she lodged a Secret from him; but at last he contrived to find her out, by getting People to dog my Lord, when he went to her.

The first Effect of his Madness was, to take a Writ against her for Two Thousand Pounds; and one Evening, when my Lord *F.* and his Brother were at Supper with her, somebody knocked at the Door; which the Footman had no sooner opened, than in rushed six Bailiffs, who ran up Stairs, and burst into the Room where they sat at Supper. They were so far from suspecting what the Matter was, that (Street-Robberies being then very frequent) they imagined, by the Appearance of the Gentlemen, they were Robbers; 'till my Lord asked them, Who, and what, they were? One of them made answer, They had

had a Writ against the Lady. At whose Suit, and for what Sum? says my Lord. At the Suit of Sir H. P. reply'd the Fellow, and the Writ is mark'd Two Thousand Pounds.

My Lord smil'd, with great Indignation, at the Folly of such an Attempt, and ask'd them, If they knew it was his Lodgings they had broke into, and that the Lady they pretended to arrest, was his House-keeper? This put them into a terrible Alarm, which was something heighten'd by my Lord's calling to lock the Street-Door, and bring him the Key; his Intention being to call up the Servants, and have given the Gentlemen a Discipline suitable to their Insolence. They understood what my Lord meant, and began to beg and pray with up-lifted Hands. At last, my Lord told them, they should be permitted to retire, upon Condition they would give their Names and Places of Abode, with that of the Attorney, and upon their Knees ask the Lady's Pardon for the Rudeness they had been guilty of. To all which they readily consented, and were overjoy'd to be let off at so cheap a Rate.

It would be hard to find out, what this Madman could propose to himself by such a Scheme; however he reaped
no

no Sort of Benefit from it : The Attorney came the next Morning, and beg'd my Lord's Pardon upon his Knees; and they heard no farther of the Affair.

However she was still to expect no Rest: Every Day brought her Letter after Letter, and Message after Message, till she was quite tired. At last he wrote to her, and beg'd her to gratify him so far, as only to see him once; he said he had something to propose to her, which, if she thought fit to refuse, he promised, upon his Honour and all that was sacred, he would never trouble her more.

She shew'd this Letter to my Lord, as indeed she did all that she received from him; and my Lord was of Opinion, that the best Thing she could do was to give him the Meeting, and hear what he had to say: But she told my Lord, she was so apprehensive of his doing her, or himself, some Mischief, she could not venture to see him, and especially alone; upon which my Lord's Brother made Answer, That should be no Obstacle; for, if she would but appoint a Time and Place, he and another Person, who was present, would go along with her: To which she agreed; and return'd for Answer to his Letter, That she would meet him that Evening at her Sister's Lodgings; where she accord-

ingly went at the Hour appointed, in Company with the Honourable Mr. C. and another Person.

She found Sir *H. P.* waiting for her coming; and, after the usual Compliments, she desir'd to know his Commands; to which he answer'd, by giving her a Detail of the Miseries he suffered by her Absence, and the Impossibility of his supporting Life without her.

She told him, his late Behaviour had been so monstrous, that she was amaz'd he could expect any Favour from her, after arresting her, and suffering it to be reported about the Town, that she had stabb'd him.

The first he beg'd she would impute to his Madness; but, as to the last, he declar'd, upon his Honour, he had never said it; neither had any other Person with his Knowledge or Authority: I have, added he, when I have been ask'd the Question, said, You was the *cruel Occasion* of it; but the Man is a Villain and a Scoundrel, who dares say, I pretended you ever lifted up your Hand against me. No; on the contrary, to your Care I have been several Times indebted for my Preservation.

Sir, reply'd she, I repeat this before my Lord's Brother, on Purpose that, from
your

your own Mouth, he may be a Judge how little I deserve a *Scandal*, which, could I have been guilty of, would justly render me unworthy, not only of the Protection of Lord *F.* but of every other Man of Honour.

Upon her saying this, he threw himself on his Knees before her ; and in an Extasy of Grief, scarce possible to be described, Oh! my *Conny*, said he, depend upon it, nothing shall ever make me say other of you, than that you are a Girl of the greatest *Honour*, *Goodness*, and *Truth*, upon Earth ; and have it not in your Nature to harm any Thing : I know it is my Fault, — my own damn'd Temper has made me miserable ; for it has been the Occasion of your flying from me : But, my *Conny*, (continued he, taking a Pocket-book out of his Pocket,) look — here are five Bank Notes, of a Thousand Pounds each, payable to yourself ; — read, there is your Name in them ; — take these, and dispose of them as you will ; they shall be but a Specimen of the Favours I will heap upon you. I also promise you to banish from my Thoughts, for ever, this Punishment you have thought fit to inflict on me, by going to Lord *F.* and also, that, while I breathe, I will never give you one Moment's farther Uneasiness, by my Jealousies

lousies and Passions. Do, my Girl, accept them, and return to me, or I am undone.

She beg'd of him to rise ; and assured him, it was not without the greatest Concern to her, to find he still continued to cherish a Passion; she had now put it quite out of her Power to make any Return to; that her Honour was engaged to Lord *F.* which no Temptation, that could be offer'd her, should prevail on her to break; but should always wish him that Happiness in another, it was wholly out of her Power to give him. Mr. *C.* taking her that Moment by the Hand, without staying for his Reply, said, Come, Madam, my Brother will wait Supper for us ; and put her instantly into a Coach that waited for them, and drove away immediately.

Her Departure was so sudden, and his Consternation so great, he stood like a Man Planet-struck. It was some Time before he recovered the Power of Speech : At last, staring about him, with a Wildness in his Looks that nearly resembled Madness, he said to her Sister, (who all this while observ'd him with the greatest Amazement) Where is she, *Polly*? To which she reply'd, My Sister is gone, Sir *H.* Gone! said he: Oh Heavens! is it possible! And,
from

from one Reflection to another, at last, threw himself into such an Agony of Passion, that her Sister was terrified to Death, with the Apprehensions of his killing himself; and alarm'd the People of the House, that they might come into the Room to prevent any fatal Mischief he might attempt.

But her Precautions could not hinder his tearing all the Cloaths from his Back. He had two Pictures of Mrs. *Muilman* about him, set round with Diamonds; one that hung to a Ribbon about his Neck, the other to a Swivel of his Watch-Chain: These he tore off, got into his Mouth, and bit to Pieces; Part of which he swallow'd; the rest, with some of the Diamonds, her Sister found, when he was gone, scattered about the Room.

In this distracted Condition he continued for three or four Hours; at last her Sister, and the People of the House, persuaded him to go Home; where, Mrs. *Muilman* was inform'd, he behaved in this frantic Manner for several Weeks; and I am sure, as his Distraction came from Time to Time to her Ears, it gave her extreme Pain; for how miserable soever, to all Appearance, her Life must have been with him, nothing could have brought her to a Resolution of quitting him, but the Terror

and Apprehension she continually lived in of his killing her, or himself.

Abstracted from his Passions, she says, he has some very amiable Qualities ; and, among others, great Good-Nature and Affability of Temper ; and is a most agreeable Companion : We don't take upon us to say, how right, or wrong, he may be, as to his Party or Principles, yet his steady Adherence to them shews a *Greatness of Mind*, in which he has but few Imitators ; for tho' his Circumstances were, within these few Years, much distress'd, (having been strip'd by Play of his fine Estate) she says, to her Knowledge, he has had very large Offers, to induce him to quit his Party ; but always rejected them with Scorn.

Mrs. *Muilman* hopes her Readers will have the Goodness to pardon her dwelling so long upon this particular Circumstance of her Life ; for, as the chief Intention of this Work is to wipe from her Character the Stains she has been most unjustly sullied with, this Gentleman's Part has cast a *Calumny* on her, which has been received by the World, without so much as a Doubt of *Guilt* : Therefore, we hope a Remission from this, as well as from some other glaring *Falshoods*, which have been,

been, with even less Probability, laid to her Charge.

This brings us to the latter End of the Summer 1732, when Lord F. took a House in *Hertfordshire*, about a Quarter of a Mile from the Earl of *Salisbury's*, to which they removed.

Here she may be said, for some Time, to have led a Life of Repose;—a Happiness she had been long a Stranger to. She had nothing now to think of, but the Care of a House and Family; which consisted of his Lordship, a Servant out of Livery, two Footmen, Coachman, Postilion, Groom, and Gardiner, herself, with a Maid, Cook, and Laundry-Maid: Indeed, my Lord was seldom without his Brother, or some one Gentleman or other, Visitors.

Small as this Family was, it left her but little idle Time: She made all the Linnen that my Lord wore, and every Pickle, Preserve, Syrup, made Wines, or distilled Liquors, that were used in the Family; and bred up all the Stocks, of every kind, that supplied my Lord's Table; which gave her full Employment, for he kept a constant one, and lived very handsomely.

She says, none of the Sex has more Generosity and Greatness of Mind, than Lord

F. and she is sorry, Fortune has not added to his high Birth and noble Qualities, Fifty Thousand Pounds a Year: No Man, she is confident, would do it greater Honour.

In this Situation she continued 'till the latter End of *May* 1733; when, coming to Town, about some other Business, to a House my Lord had in *Cork-Street, Burlington-Gardens*, while they were at Table, a Woman knocked at the Door, who desired very earnestly to speak to *Mrs. Muilman*, for she said she had a Letter to deliver into her own Hands.

The Servant would have persuaded her to send it in, which she refused, and went away; but in the Afternoon returned, and delivered a Letter, which *Mrs. Muilman* opened, and, to her very great Surprise, found as follows:

Honoured Madam,

I Suppose you will be very much surpriz'd at receiving a Letter from me, and well you may, who has been such a Villain to you: But, dear Madam, they say Repentance never comes too late. I have kept my Bed of the Rheumatism these Nine Months, and that has given me Time to think and
repent

repent of my Wickedness, and I have nothing hangs so heavy on my Conscience, as the villainous Affairs I have been concerned in against you; for every body gives you the Character of a Lady of great Generosity and Honour, and Mr. *Muilman* has none of either of them; for he has seen me a starving for this last Year, and never sent me a Shilling after all his Promises, and the dirty Work he has made me do for him, which God forgive me for. He has taken Care of Mr. *Smith* and *Morrell* also; they are such great Men they will not speak to me now, but I am left to starve: But I hope in God, you will grant me your Forgiveness, for all the Wrongs I have done you; I wish to God I could undo it all again, I am sure I would; for I am so troubled in Mind, I cannot sleep a Nights. Madam, I beg God Almighty's Pardon, and your's also; and I hope you will have the Charity to forgive a poor miserable Wretch, who has been persuaded to damn his Soul to get a little Money, which God knows has throve accordingly with me. Madam, I can say no more than to beg you to forgive me; and pray God forgive me: And if you will please to bestow your Charity on a poor Wretch that is a starving.

ing, I shall be always bound to pray for you. The Bearer is my Wife.

I am

Your Ladyship's

Dutiful Servant,

Saturday Morning.

T. DELAFIELD.

She was greatly surprized at reading this Letter, and, sending for the Bearer into the Room, upon Examination, found the Distress, express'd in it, to be really as he described. She enquired very minutely into every Circumstance that related to the Writer; and found he had, by some Interest Mr. *Muilman* had made for him, after inlisting himself for a Soldier, got to be an Out-Pensioner in *Chelsea-College*: But, by long Sickness, was reduced to extreme Poverty; and, at that Time, lodg'd in one of those little Alleys behind *St. Martin's Church*, at a Cook's-Shop, in a Garret.

She gave this poor unhappy Woman, who was all in Rags, half a Guinea, which was received with great Thankfulness, and ordered her to leave Directions where they were to be found.

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. *Muilman* told my Lord the Story; and, it may be well imagined, such an extraordinary Event must occasion various Reflections between them:

them : For, of all People, one could have scarce believed that poor Wretch would ever have applied to her for Relief : But Heaven is pleased to bring Villainies, that have long been hidden in the darkeſt Reſſes, to Light, by the ſimpleſt and moſt natural Means ; and, to ſhew the Wiſdom of Providence, which every Day brings us ſome Proof of it's over-ruling Power, this Man's Application to her for Charity, puts it in our Power to open a Scene to our Readers, which, we may venture to aſſert, Hiſtory cannot parallel.

After conſulting my Lord what Step he thought proper for her to take, he was pleas'd to aſſure her, that no Aſſiſtance in the Power of his Fortune ſhould be wanting, to enable her to juſtify her injured Character ; and it was concluded, ſhe ſhould go to *Doctors-Commons*, to conſult with her Council what Uſe could be made of this Man's Recantation.

The next Day ſhe went thither ; and, after telling the Doctors *Paul* and *Andrews* the Story, they adviſed her to let the Fellow come to the *Commons* the next Court-Day, and make this Recantation in Court before the Judge ; and pray that a Proctor might be aſſigned him, in order to his con-

confessing the whole Transaction upon Oath; that she should also bring a Libel against him, to annul the Form of Marriage had between them; and regularly proceed to set aside the Sentence, which Mr. *Muilman* had so fraudulently obtained.

She at the same Time retained Sir *Edmund Isham* and Doctor *Bramston*, with the Doctors *Paul* and *Andrews*, as her Advocates; and Mr. *Everard Sayer* for her Proctor.

According to her Council's Advice, she sent three Persons, who are still living, to *Delasfield*; and directed them to inform him, that if it was true, he had any Remorse of Conscience for what he had done, he had still one Way left to prove himself that Penitent he professed to be; which was to go down to *Doctors-Commons* the second Day of *June* 1733, and there beg Pardon of the Court, and pray that a Proctor might be assigned him, for the Purposes already mentioned.

Delasfield very readily consented to this, and declared before these three Witnesses, whose Testimonies will appear to this Fact in the Course of this Narration, he was glad of any Opportunity to unburden his Conscience of a Crime that hung upon him like a Murder; at the same Time giving Mrs. *Muilman*'s Friends Directions where

to

to find all the Witnesses, who were present at his first Marriage with Mrs. *Yeomans*; and an exact Account of every Place they had lived or lodged at, ever since their Marriage; as also a Direction where to find the Register-Book, in which their Marriage was entered; and, at the same Time, informed them of the whole Scene of that Transaction; and, among other Particulars, the Manner of their secreting him, thro' Fear of her finding him out, and setting him in different Places in order to see her, that he might be able to swear to the Identity of the Person; as also, of the Distribution of Eleven Hundred Pounds, which they had at Times received for secret Services.

Indeed, take what he related to them together, it makes out not only the most wicked Scene that ever appeared, but the most ridiculously foolish one; for I have heard it is laid down as a Maxim with complete Villains, to pay so great a Regard to their own Preservation, as to keep themselves out of the Power even of their own Accomplices: But it must be confessed, our *Hero* had hitherto very little of the *Machiavel* in his Politics, tho' afterwards it will be found he thought proper to adopt them.

Her

Her Friends heard all these Transactions with great Astonishment, and, lest such an extraordinary Relation should not, from it's Singularity, gain Credit, one of the Gentlemen wrote down the Facts from *Delafield's* own Mouth, who signed the Paper in Presence of them all; and also agreed to go to *Doctors-Commons* the next Court-Day, according to her Desire; and indeed he was as good as his Word, for he appeared before the Court, when the Cause was opened by her Council; and, after relating the whole Affair to the Judge, who was struck with the utmost Amazement, he was suffered to kneel down, and beg Pardon of Heaven, the Judge, and Mrs. *Muilman*.

Mr. *Lee* was the Proctor assigned him, who took his Confession in Writing; he was sworn to it, and Minutes of the whole ordered, by the Judge, to remain as an Act of Court.

This was a Surprize upon Mr. *Muilman* indeed! for it was conducted so secretly, that it came not to his Ears, 'till after it was too late to recal it: But our Readers will soon see, how dearly this poor unfortunate Wretch paid for the Tenderness of his Conscience, and Recantation; for, in all human Probability, and from every Circumstance

Circumstance that she could ever gather, it cost him his Life.

The Moment his public Appearance got Air, the first Thing done to frustrate the Advantages she had gained by this Recantation, was to convey him away from the House, where he then lodged, so privately, as to render it impossible to trace him out: They also procured (which bears Date, as appears by the Register-Book, *June* 26th, 1733) a solemn Revocation of the Proctor assigned him by the Court; and, at the same Time, made him appoint Mr. *Trenly*, under the Directions of Mr. *Nevill*, who was Proctor for Mr. *Muilman*, in his Room; after which, *Delafield* was seen no more.

Mrs. *Muilman* however continued to go on with her Cause, and examined all the Witneses; but about two or three Days before Publication, which was to have been on the Twelfth Day of *November*, Mr. *Trinley* appeared, and exhibited an Affidavit of his Client's Death; which was notified on the Eighth Day of *November*, 1733.

This was the Occasion of a long Debate, whether she should not still be permitted to go on to Sentence, and that be pronounced upon his Proctor: But the dead Man's Interest was a little too closely guarded

ed not to oppose this, with all the Art and Finesse imaginable; which was easily perceived by the Judge: For tho' this unfortunate Wretch was no longer in the World, and left it in such Poverty and Obscurity, that notwithstanding Mrs. *Muilman* advertised Fifty Pounds Reward, to any Body who would discover the House he died in, or the Place where he was buried; yet it was near twelve Months before she could find out the one or the other.

It seems the Indigence of the unhappy deceased no way lessened his Credit, or Interest, with Mr. *Muilman*; whose Regard for his Memory was so great, he strenuously opposed her in that Question, viz. whether a Proctor should not stand, *in Pænam*, for his Client.

This was an Affair of too much Moment to him, not to attend it with all possible Diligence, and, of Course, at a great Expence.

No less than four Council appeared for this *poor dead Man*, who, had he been alive, was not, in all the World, worth as much Money, as would have paid for one of their Briefs. However, the Court was of Opinion, that the Suit was abated by the Death of the Party.

This was a material Point gained: *Delafield's timely Death was absolutely necessary*; for

for he would have been, at her Desire, produced and examined; tho', if they could not have obtained an Abatement of the Suit by his Death, it would have been as well for her; his being alive, or dead, made no Difference, if she could have once come to Publication: But of this she totally lost the Benefit by his *seasonable* Death,

However all her Council advised her to bring a Libel against Mr. *Muiltman*, to oblige him to shew Cause, why that Sentence, obtained against her, should not be set aside, as having been procured by Fraud, Force, and Collusion: Also to oblige him to answer to her, in a certain Cause brought against him, for a Restitution of conjugal Rights; which she carried on with the utmost Spirit and Application; and, indeed, at a most *monstrous Expence*.

To combat with such an Enemy, it was necessary to be fortified with all the Resolution and Spirit she has been blessed with. He had nothing for it, but to split the Cause into Points, and make so many Parties to those Points, as would occasion a Delay and Expence, which no less than a whole Life could be a Time sufficient to see the Determination of; and the Exchequer to bear the Expence.

He knew he had nothing to depend upon from the Merits, and therefore to keep
the

the evil Day as far off as possible, was all he endeavoured; in which it may not be amiss to remind our Readers, he was assisted by some *Family Council*, the good Serjeant *Darnell* being still living. And, to say Truth, considering the Troop he had to maintain, and all of them necessary to the carrying on of this iniquitous, cruel Affair, as great a Fortune, as he then had, was necessary.

But before we lose the Memory of that unfortunate Man, *Delasfield*, we believe our Readers will approve of our explaining some Part of the Dedication to this Work, where he is made mention of: And, that they may judge for themselves, we shall relate the whole Affair, in the very Manner it happened, for, in so critical a Circumstance, we shall not be thought tedious, we hope, tho' ever so minutely circumstantial.

It is proper to remark, that his Death was, for several Months, kept a profound Secret; and the first Intelligence she could ever get, was by one of their own Accomplices; who, discontented with some Treatment they had given him, where he thought his Services deserved better, made a Discovery to Mrs. *Muilman* of the Place where he died, which was as follows.

That

That in, or about, the Beginning of the Month of *June*, 1733, the Time of his Revocation of the Proctor, whom the Court assigned him, and his deputing Mr. *Trinley*, under the Direction of Mr. *Nevill*, to appear for him, there was a Lodging taken, by *Smith* the Taylor, in *Church-Court*, in the *Strand*, of one Mrs. *Ann Bell*, who kept a common Lodging-House, and a Green-Grocer's Stall before the Door : To which Place he was carried one Evening ; but so excessively intoxicated with Drink, he could scarce stand upon his Legs.

There were two People with him : One the Landlady knew to be *Smith* the Taylor ; the other was a tall, fair, handsome, young Gentleman, with a remarkable Mole on his Cheek : He was dressed in a fair Tye-Wig, and black Velvet Cloaths.

They went up Stairs, and *Smith* was sent out for some Wine, which they drank ; and sat with him 'till he was quite speechless : Then they put him to Bed, shut his Door, and carried the Candle away, which they gave to the Woman of the House ; and promised to be there the next Day.

In the mean time, his Name was kept a profound Secret from her ; who was to make no Enquiry, but to depend upon *Smith* as her Paymaster.

It

It will easily be believed, the Manner of carrying him there, concealing his Name, with the Inequality and Unsuitableness of the Company, soon excited in this Woman great Curiosity; (the ordinary Effect of such Mysteries upon vulgar Minds, especially that of a Female) and, her inquisitive Temper thus set to Work, she had a thousand different Conjectures.

But next Morning, when *Smith* came, she endeavoured to satisfy her Surmises, by some Questions she put to him; who, with great seeming Confidence, told her, It was a sad, poor drunken Wretch, who however was a most material Witness in a *Law Cause, the Gentleman, who was there the Night before, was engaged in*; and that he had contrived to get him there, to keep him out of the Hands of his Adversary: He said, He was a sad, debauched, poor Wretch; and that he believed *he would not live long*, for he had been accustomed to Fits; and, sometimes, it was very difficult to bring him out of them: At the same Time, perceiving that he was not yet awake, he desired the Woman to take all possible Care of him, and promised she should be very handsomely paid for her Trouble.

The Woman assured him, she would do as she was directed; and about Twelve o'Clock

o'Clock came the Gentleman, who was there the Night before. The Woman conducted him up, and then retired.

However, the Spirit of Curiosity had so far gotten the better of her, that she stood to listen; but not being able to hear distinctly any thing that was said, it being a Deal-partition that divided two Rooms, there was a Knot, which she could slip in and out, just by the Door of the Room in which *Delasfield* lay.

This Knot she frequently made Use of, when she suspected her Lodgers of taking any of her Goods from out of the Lodgings; through which she peeped, and saw this Gentleman jog *Delasfield* several Times, and heard him say, Awake, *Frank*,—speak to me, —how goes it with you? To which she could not perceive he made any Answer, but lay quite stupified.

At last, the Gentleman knocked; and, when she went into the Room, desired a Tea-Cup, which she brought him: And then he told her, she need not stay.

But when she retired, she went directly to her Post, the Peep-Hole; and saw this Gentleman take a small Viol out of his Pocket, with a reddish kind of Liquor; and, after pouring it into a Tea-Cup, he sat down by the Side of the Bed, raised his

his Head up, and poured it down his Throat.

It was with great Difficulty he got him to swallow it; after which, *he wiped the Cup with his Pocket-Handkerchief*, laid him down and covered him. At the same Time, she saw him search his Pockets, and take out several Papers, and an old Pocket-Book; but tho' he felt in his Breeches Pockets, where afterwards a Guinea and a half, and Six Shillings, were found, he touched only the Papers, all which he took away with him.

The Woman was much vexed, that she had not before perused them, for, by this Neglect, she slipt the Opportunity of finding out who her Lodger was.

The Gentleman met her at the Door, as he was going out, and desired the Patient might not be disturbed; for that he had taken something to compose him, and was very ill. However, she did not fail to go up several Times to see how he did, but could not get him to speak. At length, she perceived him to fall into most violent Convulsions, his Tongue hanging out of his Mouth, and his Eyes quite starting.

The Woman was terribly astonished at this Sight, and instantly sent for *Smith*, who, when he came in, looked as pale as Death, and said, "Aye,—this is one of his
his

his Fits, and he will certainly never come out of it."

"No, on my Conscience, replied the Woman) I believe not;—his Doctor has taken Care of that:—He said, when he went away, he had given him a composing Draught; which, I'll be bound to swear, will make him sleep to the Day of Judgment."

Smith reproved her very much for her Suspicions; but, in the midst of these Arguments, poor *Delafield* gave up the Ghost. However, *Smith* told the Woman a thousand fine Stories to pacify her, and sent for Wine to treat her. He said, she need not give herself the Trouble to lay the dead Man out; for that *he would send an Undertaker*, who should take Care of that, at the same Time giving her Five Guineas;—a Sum she had seldom seen, and hardly ever was Mistress of before; which, together with the Wine, so pacified her, that she was resolved to trouble herself no farther about it.

But an unlucky Circumstance, that she could not tell what to make of, had liked to have spoiled all. This Undertaker which *Smith* was to have sent, unluckily knocked at the Door, while *Smith* was still there, with a Coffin to put the Man in, whose Death he could have had no Notice of, but by
some

some supernatural Means; unless the Gentleman, who administered his last Medicine, had made a Calculation he was sure to be exact in.

The Woman stared to see a Man come in with a Coffin, and Mr. *Smith*, with all his Impudence, was so confounded he knew not what to say: However, before she could recover from her Surprize, *Smith* helped the Undertaker and his Man to put the Corpse into the Coffin; and a Hackney Coach being called, the Coffin was put across it, and carried away.

This is, Word for Word, the Woman's Deposition; which, with those of the other Witnesses, are intended by way of Appendix, to this Work.

His Funeral, I think, makes to the full as extraordinary a Figure as his Death: for tho' the Undertaker could never be found out, it was at last discover'd that a Hearse and three Mourning-Coaches attended, with other Ceremonials, which could not amount to less than Forty Pounds Expence.

When Mrs. *Muilman* found out this Woman, she underwent inconceivable Difficulties, before she could prevail on her to give this Information upon Oath. The Woman was frightened (as these sort of low People generally are) not knowing what she had to apprehend; and Mrs. *Muilman*

was

was once on the Point of giving over the Enquiry; 'till at last, a Thought came into her Head, that she would send for her, and try once more what was to be done by Persuasions and fair Means. She talked with her on the Subject, told her, in Part, how greatly she had been injured by this Affair, and at length moved the Woman so far, that she burst into Tears, and told her all she knew, thought, or suspected.

But tho' they could give a pretty shrewd Guess who this Gentleman was that administered the *composing* Draught; yet, as it did not amount to Demonstration, the Woman offered to make an Essay, which would not fail of giving entire Satisfaction.

She proposed to go into the City, and strictly observe every Face that went in and out of the *Royal Exchange*, to try if she could discover this unhappy Man's *Physician*; but begged Mrs. *Muilman* would let somebody go with her.

A very worthy Gentleman, who was present, offered to accompany her; who Mrs. *Muilman* the more readily accepted, because he was an entire Stranger to all the Parties: This Gentleman was Captain *Ogilvie*, of the late Lord *Falkland's* Regiment.—They took a Coach, and went together into the City.

Mrs. Bell sat sometime in the Coach, 'till she was tired, but saw no body she knew; at last, they got out, and went upon *Change*; where, in about five Minutes, she saw the Person, and went up so near him, that he heard her say, *This is he.*

The *Doctor* blushed as red as Scarlet, and looked exceedingly confused: Upon which, Capt. *Ogilvie* enquired his Name, and, being informed, they both immediately returned:

This so convinced the Woman, that, without any further Hesitation, she gave the Information before-mentioned; which was sworn before the Right Hon. the Lord *Hardwick*, then Lord Chief Justice of the *King's Bench.*

She continued to go on with her Cause against Mr. *Muilman*, and examined all the Witnesses necessary to the proving the Marriage of *Delafield* and *Yeomans*, in order to the setting aside the Sentence; to which he gave her all the Opposition it was in the Power of Law to frame, for Delay. However at last, *February* 23, 1733, was appointed for the Hearing.

It may not be amiss to observe, that this was the Day, which Mrs. *Muilman* has before mentioned to have paid for advertising in the Public Papers, but it *was contrived to be stopt*, and occasioned her printing the
Adver-

Advertisement that was distributed in the City.

The Cause came on accordingly, and the Letters, in the Third Number of this Work, were read in Court by Sir *Edmund Ifham*, who was her youngest Council; and after hearing all the learned Arguments on both Sides, as Doctor *Henchman*, who was the Judge, was about to pronounce Sentence, Mr. *Nevill*, Proctor for Mr. *Muilman*, threw upon the Table an Appeal to the Arches-Court of *Canterbury*, and insisted the Sentence should not be pronounced.

This Behaviour put the Judge into a violent Passion, and, it must be owned, was the greatest Indignity that could be offered to a Man of Dr. *Henchman*'s truly respectable Character; for, in his judicial Capacity, as well as in private Life, no Man upon Earth had a more unblemished Reputation; and *to appeal from a Sentence before they would suffer it to be pronounced*, must either shew their own Despair of the Merits, or a Distrust of the Integrity of the Judge; which it proceeded from, we submit to our Readers; we shall only say, the Commission of Appeal bears Date the Twentieth Day of *February*, and the Cause came on to be heard the Twenty-third.

It is plain, almost every *Evil* he intended her, was, in Part, defeated, by the extraordinary

extraordinary Methods he took to accomplish them: The Judge gave a most severe Reprimand to his Proctor, and told him, he could plainly see the Scene of *Villainy* and *Iniquity*, that lay hid under all these unprecedented and extraordinary Proceedings, as well as the Injustice of the Sentence which had been pronounced against that *poor, injured Woman*, (pointing to Mrs. *Muilman*, who was in Court) but, Madam, says he, in order to repair, as far as possibly I can be assisting, the Injury which has been done you, I would, if my Hands had not been tied by this Appeal, have made you ample Satisfaction: But they have carried the Cause from me to a superior Court, where I make no Doubt but your just Complaints will receive a speedy Redress: And the only Service I can do you now, tho' I have long left pleading as an Advocate, is, to offer to become your's; which from this Instant I do, without Desire of either Fee or Reward, other than the Happiness I shall feel from making you any Reparation for the Misfortune I have, tho' innocently, been made the Instrument (or, at least, my Surrogate, which is the same Thing) of bringing upon you, by the Sentence that was pronounced against you in this Court, which

which I am now satisfied was obtained by the most unjust and iniquitous Means.

Mrs. *Muilman* thanked the Judge in Terms full of Respect, and most willingly accepted his Offer; who, to his Death, continued to be her Council, as he had promised, without ever taking one Shilling of her Money.

Those who have had the Happiness of knowing Dr. *Henckman*, will be very little surprized at this humane, disinterested Proceeding; for he is admitted, by all People, to have been a Man of the strictest Morality, and Purity of Life: In his younger Days, an admirable Advocate; and, in his Decline, no Man ever filled a Chair of Justice with greater Candour, and Equity; if he was in any thing blameable, it was in being rather too scrupulously good; for he seemed to apprehend no Evil equal to that of permitting the least Shadow of any Sort of Injustice to pass him unobserved; one of the strongest Instances of which that can be given, our Readers will see turned out greatly to her Advantage.

The Variety of Stratagems they invented for the Delay of Justice were, in almost every Instance, of the greatest Service to her; for as she watched their Turnings and Windings with a Vigilance scarce credible, they were generally caught in the

Web of their own weaving; and one of these *well-laid Schemes*, was the Means by which the Iniquity of the whole Affair was palpably detected by Dr. *Henchman*.

Some few Days before the Cause was to come on, in order to gain a Term, and to try if they could not entangle Mrs. *Muilman* in some Contradictions that might give a disadvantageous Impression of her to the Judge, Mr. *Muilman's* Council moved, that she should be upon Oath personally examined before him, to the several Articles contained in her Libel.

She was present when this Motion was made, and without suffering her Council to oppose it, she told the Judge, she had no Objection to the Motion; and as it required no sort of Preparation to answer to the Truth, she would consent that Moment to be examined in Court, or attend whenever the Judge was pleased to order.

The Court immediately broke up, and the Judge ordered her to attend (with the Register) at his House in an Hour; which she accordingly did; and, by what she could perceive, the Judge, like *other People* at that Time, had imbibed all the Prejudices that common Fame had stir'd up against her: But, good God! what was his Astonishment when he heard the whole Affair from her own Mouth? No Language
can

can give our Readers an Idea of his Wonder and Concern. Mr. *Skelton*, the present Register, a Man of an exceeding fair Character, was by, and took down her Answers in writing.

By this lucky Incident, which they intended merely to perplex and lengthen out the Proceedings, and to cloud, if possible, even the Glimmerings of Truth, the Band was taken from the Judge's Eyes; who from that Time, to her unspeakable Satisfaction, became her Friend, so far as was consistent with the strictest Adherence to Justice, and the exact Rules of his Function. But 'tis Time we relieve our Readers from this melancholy, wicked Scene of *Perjury, Poison, Death and Litigation*, and return to her domestic Matters.

Soon after this, while she was in Town, a Gentlewoman came to her House, and desired to speak with her. She was admitted, and after some Compliments of Ceremony, the Stranger, who appeared much of the Gentlewoman, told her, she believed the Occasion of her Visit would a good deal surprize her: I am, continued she, a near Relation to Lady *H——*, who has an only Daughter, an amiable young Lady, Heiress to a very considerable Estate, and, besides that, there are great Riches in the Family, which must in all Probabi-

lity one Day revert to her; and as my Lady *H——* has some Thoughts of marrying her, if it would not be disagreeable to you, she purposes to offer her to Lord *F——*. We are, continued the Lady, perfectly well informed of the State of my Lord's Fortune; and tho' there is no Equality between them in that Point, yet, for some Reasons, my Lady chuses his Alliance above any other; but was resolved not to make such a Proposal to my Lord without your Approbation; which, from your well known Character of good Sense and Generosity, she is in no doubt of obtaining; as it will be a Match so very advantageous to my Lord: Adding, that should this Proposal be accepted, Mrs. *Muilman* might assure herself, Lady *H——* would insist upon my Lord's making a very handsome Provision for her; desired she would consider of it, and let my Lady have her Answer as soon as possible.

Mrs. *Muilman* paused for some Time, to recollect herself upon so extraordinary a Circumstance; but at last told the Lady, a very little Consideration would bring her to determine any thing that so visibly tended to my Lord's Interest and Happiness; and tho' she could not say, but she should part from him with infinite Regret, yet the Obligations she had to him had fixed
so

so strong a Principle of Gratitude in her Heart, it would always get the better of every Consideration of her own Happiness, in Favour of his; and assured the Lady, she would that Moment write to my Lord (who was in *Hertfordshire*) and recommend it strongly to him; and appointed her to be there in three or four Days for an Answer.

As soon as she was gone out of the House, Mrs. *Muilman* dispatched a Servant to my Lord, with a Letter repeating every Word that had passed in that Conversation, and most earnestly requesting him to let no Consideration of Tenderness for her, make him lose so fair an Opportunity of improving his Fortune. She told him, she should have been glad any other Person had been entrusted to have communicated such a Proposal to him; for that she found the Task of consenting to it, full enough for her. To which she received the following obliging Answer.

I Confess to you freely, my dearest *Con*, your Letter so surprized me, notwithstanding the well-known Character, I was sometime before I could bring myself to believe a Woman was the Writer; but when I reflect how little of the Instability and Weakness of the Sex, is to be found

in all your Actions, I am no longer surpriz-
 ed to perceive in your Sentiments a Gene-
 rosity and Prudence peculiar to yourself.
 Thou generous Girl! believe me it is not
 lost; for while *F.* has a Shilling, *Conny*
 shall never want a Friend. I will come to
 Town in the Evening, and should be glad
 my dear Girl would meet me at *Highbgate*.
 Between this and then, *Reflection will make*
me distracted! — What Allurements must
 that Fortune have, for which I would bar-
 ter my *Conny*? I can be contented in this
 humble State; why will you force me to be
 rich and wretched? Oh! forgive me *Con-*
ny; I had forgot thy generous Motive was
 my Happiness; but my Girl has also for-
 got, that I know none truly desirable with-
 out her: I am however infinitely obliged
 to Lady *H.* for the Honour she does me,
 and if I know my own Heart, shall never
 forfeit her Esteem, by any Act of Unwor-
 thiness. I long for Evening: Perhaps I
 shall by then have a little recovered my
 Surprize; for I have now no Words that
 can exprefs how much, or how faithfully,
 I am

Your's, &c.

March 12, 1732.

F.—.

P. S.

P. S. If any thing should happen that my dearest Girl cannot meet me, beg she will send the Coach.

She went, according to my Lord's Desire, to meet him, who received her with most extraordinary Rapture ; and very tenderly assured her, he should always retain the most *grateful* Sense of her generous Behaviour : But it was not without the most urgent Persuasions and Arguments, she could prevail with him to listen to this Proposal, how alluring soever the Prospects were which attended it.

At length, however, he yielded to take it into Consideration ; the Lady came as she had promised to receive an Answer, and was informed, the Affair would be quite agreeable to my Lord ; and it was agreed he should go immediately to *Bath*, where my Lady and Miss were gone ; and their first Interview was to be there.

Preparations were immediately made for my Lord's setting out ; and it was resolved, that, during his Absence, Mrs. *Muilman* should remove from his House into Lodgings of her own.

It seemed as tho' *Hymen* had lighted his Torch, resolving to draw my Lord into Wedlock, and the Town of *Bath* the happy Spot pitched upon to conclude the

the nuptial Contract; for the very Day before he went thither, a Message came to him of much the same Tenor, from one of the richest Men in the City of *London*, who had also an only Daughter, and she at the same Time at (the critical Place) *Bath*.

Indeed, all the Sagacity and Prudence my Lord was Master of, in such a Con-juncture, was necessary; if it be true, that between so many — it is a hundred to one but a Man falls to the Ground: Tho' it was not to be wonder'd, his Alli-ance was sought by any Gentleman who valued a Child's Happiness; for, besides the Loveliness of his Person, he is a Man adorned with every Accomplishment that can render the Marriage-State completely happy. He is generous, open-hearted, un-suspecting and good-natur'd; abhors Drink, is of a chearful Disposition, and extremely well-bred: And these are Qualities that do not often unite in one and the same Person.

If any Thing could incline one to believe that Marriages are made in Heaven, and we are not in that Particular free Agents, my Lord *F——*'s may be brought as an Instance, to support the Probability of such an Opinion; for both those young Ladies, who were offered him, were most accom-

accomplished Creatures, beautiful in their Persons, and the least Fortune either of them had was upwards of Foreſcore Thouſand Pounds; which, one would have thought, would have been ſome Temptation to a Man of Quality, who had but a ſmall Eſtate, with a large Charge of younger Children's Fortunes upon it, and utterly diſdained all Dependence on a Court: But quite otherwiſe; — he went to *Bath*, ſaw both the Ladies, was well received, eſpecially by the laſt, who was quite enamoured with his Perſon; inſomuch, that her Mother condeſcended to give my Lord an Invitation to their Houſe in *London*, in Words by which her Intention could not be miſtaken. Fate, however, had decreed otherwiſe: His Marriage was to reſemble a Syllogiſm; he had a Choice of three Ways, if the major and minor were rejected (and his Lordſhip was reſolved to be married) there was nothing left but the Conclusion.

A Widow Lady, a Couſin by Marriage to my Lord, was alſo at *Bath*; who had the good Fortune to pleaſe him better than either of the other.

To this third Lady he made his Addreſſes; and was ſo well received, that in a few Days a Marriage was agreed upon between them: But this he all along kept a
Secret

Secret from Mrs. *Muilman*, who, from the very great Concern she had for him, hoped he was pursuing a Scheme that must have tended far more to his Advantage; for this Lady, tho' we admit she was amiable in her Person, had several Children by her first Marriage, and no other Fortune than a Jointure, which could not so well answer my Lord's End, in discharging the heavy Incumbrance on his Estate.

But as it is natural (for young People especially) to prefer Prospects of *real Happiness* before *imaginary Splendor*, my Lord *saw, — liked, —* and, in a very little Time, *married her.*

We hope the Reader will consider Mrs. *Muilman* as an *Historian*, not a *Novellist*; and therefore obliged to tell Facts as they were, and not as we could wish they might have been.

But, before his Marriage, my Lord returned to *London*, by which Time Mrs. *Muilman* was removed from his House to Lodgings in *Hatton-Garden*.

At their first Interview, he acquainted her with every Particular concerning the other Ladies; but not a Word of the intended Marriage, which he could have no other Reason for concealing from her, but an Apprehension that she must reasonably disapprove of an Alliance so little advantageous

tageous to his Fortune, and which at the same Time frustrated every kind Intention in her Favour. However, their Separation continued from that Time, and soon after my Lord's Marriage was declared.

She now thought of nothing but prosecuting her Suit against Mr. *Muilman*, which gave her full Employment for near five Years; and the first remarkable Event in it, was the detecting a Scheme he had laid to get the Church-Book, where *Delafield's* Marriage with *Yeomans* was registered, out of the Hands of the Person in whose Custody it was. This was to be effected in the following Manner.

There had been several Attempts made to have the Leaf cut out of the Book; but that failing of Success, it was contrived, by *somebody's* Means, (*that certain Person, whom, as the Boys say, you all do know*) to make Friends with the Landlord of the House, in which the Woman lived who had Possession of this Book. She being excessive poor, and greatly in Arrear for Rent, the Landlord offered to take this Book into his Hands, as a Security.

What Defalcations it was to have suffered when there, we shall leave to the Judgment of our Readers: However, the poor Woman, whose Husband was the Clerk that made and kept these Books and Entries,

Entries, did not chuse easily to part with them ; for it was a small Income to her, People having frequent Recourse to them, to take Certificates out, and therefore absolutely refused to let them go out of her Hands.

However, by great good Luck for Mrs. *Muilman*, a Maid-Servant in the House, who over-heard her Landlord press in a most extraordinary Manner for these Books, had seen Mrs. *Muilman* there to take a Certificate from that very Book, and heard there was a considerable Law-Suit depending, in which that Book contained a very principal Evidence. This Girl who had Discernment enough to perceive there was something very extraordinary in the Affair, mentioned it to her Sister's Mistress (who was acquainted with Mrs. *Muilman*) and told her, by what she had heard and could collect from the Girl, this must certainly be a Contrivance of Mr. *Muilman* to get the Book secreted.

Mrs. *Muilman* was extremely alarmed at this, and considered long before she could come to any Resolution which way to act : At last, she sent her Footman into *Monmouth-street*, to hire a plain Suit of Cloaths for himself ; which, having done, she ordered him to go to the House where this Woman (Mrs. *Hodgskins*) lived, and tell her

her a formal Story, that he came from a Lady, who wanted to search for a Marriage in the Year 1707, which was the Year in which the Entries in that Book began : That the Lady did not chuse to send her Name ; therefore, if Mrs. *Hodgskins* would go with him in a Hackney Coach, and carry the Book with her, that the Lady might take a Copy of the Entry, he promised she should have Five Guineas for her Trouble.

It was concerted, that the Footman should take another Person with him, who, if he succeeded, was to be dispatched to his Mistress, to give her Notice of their coming.

The Reward was too good a Bait to fail of the desired Effect : The Woman consented, and while she was dressing herself for the Occasion, the Messenger was sent away to Mrs. *Muilman*, to apprize her of their Approach.

She that Moment sent to *Doctors-Commons*, to Sir *Edmund Isham*, Mr. *Everard Sayer*, the Register, and several other Gentlemen of that Place, to beg the Favour of seeing them instantly.

So pressing a Message brought them directly ; and they had not been above half an Hour in the House, in which Time she had told them the Story, before Mrs.

Hodgskins

Hodgskins came, with the Footman, in a Coach to the Door.

Mrs. *Muilman* left all the Gentlemen in the other Room, and went into the next to receive the Woman, who appeared greatly surprized when she saw her, whom she knew; and, being apprehensive something was intended with the Books, would have withdrawn: But Mrs. *Muilman* caught fast hold of her Arm, and pulled her into the Room; then locked the Door, and threw open the Folding-Doors of the other Room, where the Gentlemen were.

They took the Book out of her Hands, and, turning to the Page where the Entry of *Delafeld's* Marriage was made, they found all was fair: Upon which, brown Paper was sent for, and the Book carefully sealed up, and every Person present put their Seals to it.

The Woman stared all this while, and could not imagine where this was to end; at last, it was explained to her, that there was a Necessity this Book should be left in the Hands of the Judge, or Register, to which she might refer whenever she thought proper: And, to recompence any Injury that she might suffer by the Loss of it, Mrs. *Muilman*, in Presence of all these Gentlemen, gave her Twenty Guineas; with a Promise, that the Book should be restored

restored to her, whenever the Cause was made an End of.

The next Morning, Mrs. *Muilman* carried the Book down with her to *Drafts-Commons*, and delivered it to the Judge in Court, who gave it to his Register as an Exhibit; where it now remains: And any of the Curious, who think proper, may have Recourse to it there.

This was another terrible Disappointment to poor Mr. *Muilman*, who was accustomed to make a little surer Work with Matters of this Consequence. — *Books cannot take Composing Draughts! but Books will burn.*

The next Thing they did, was to raise a Clamour against these Books; and had the Impudence to insinuate a Doubt of their being authentic: Therefore, to ascertain their Authenticity, Mrs. *Muilman* was forced, with indefatigable Pains, to find out who this Mr. *Hodgskins* was; tho' he had been dead fifteen or sixteen Years. At last, she found out that he was known, and nearly related to Alderman *Parsons*.

Mrs. *Muilman* waited upon Mr. *Parsons*, who, in the most obliging, good-natured Manner, told her, he could swear to Mr. *Hodgskins's* Hand, and could get her from the Chamberlain's Office several Books of Account, all of his (Mr. *Hodgskins's*)
Hand-

Hand-Writing, to compare with that Register-Book; which he was so good to do, and they appeared to be exactly the same.

Mr. *Parsons* swore to it; a Copy of which Affidavit shall also appear in the Appendix: He likewise was so obliging as to give her Directions where to find Mr. *Hodgskins's* Nephew, Mr. *Hawks*, a very eminent wholesale Distiller near *Aldgate*; who was of infinite Service to her.

This Gentleman was taught to write by his Uncle, and must consequently be well acquainted with his Hand-Writing, and had also several of his Writings and Papers by him.

Mrs. *Muilman*, with a Recommendation from Mr. *Parsons*, applied to Mr. *Hawks*; who assured her, he would do her any Service in his Power: He said, that he could be very certain of his Uncle's Hand-Writing, and even to the Books themselves, which he had seen, and had in his Hands above a thousand Times, having lived in the House with his Uncle at the Time he was Clerk, and kept the Entries; and added, that he could be very exact as to the Time of his Uncle's having made the last Entries in that Book; for he had wrote in them the 13th Day of *February*, 1720; and that Afternoon, going to *Newgate-street* with his Uncle, to receive a Present by

by the Waggon, that was sent out of the Country from his Mother, the poor old Man dropt down in an Apoplectic Fit at the Inn, of which he instantly died.

This was a very remarkable Instance to assist his Memory; for, by the Bill of his Uncle's Funeral, he could be exact to the very Day.

Mr. *Hawks* went down with Mrs. *Muilman* to *Doctors-Commons*, to look at the Register-Book; and the Moment it was shewn to him, I will give my Oath, says he, this was my Uncle's Book; here is some of my own Scribbling upon the outside Cover: And, turning it over to the Date of his Uncle's Death, there, continues he, the Entries end in his Hand-Writing, and it is plain they begin with another of a quite different kind.

To all this, and several other Particulars, Mr. *Hawks* swore; and we shall give the Public, in it's proper Place, the Perusal of his Examination: But as the Testimony of these two Persons put the Credit of the Book quite out of Dispute, it may not be improper to remind our Readers, that this Register was made, and Mr. *Hodgskins* dead, three Years before she knew Mr. *Muilman*.

But as this Entry proved, beyond all Possibility of Contradiction, a Circum-
stance

stance that Mr. *Muilman* could never get over, they now thought it was Time to contrive Methods to compromise Things; and how they could buy her off was now their only Consideration.

Therefore, to this End, Serjeant *Darnell* applied to Mr. *Sayer*, her Proctor; who he beg'd would use his utmost Endeavours to persuade her to listen to Terms of Accommodation.

Mr. *Sayer* would have gladly excused himself from meddling with the Affair; but Serjeant *Darnell* press'd the Thing so much, he at last consented; and, in Company with Mr. *Rushworth*, the present Register to the Court of Arches; went one Evening to Mrs. *Muilman*'s Lodgings in *Hatton Garden*; and told her, he had Authority to make her an Offer of Five Thousand Pounds, to quit all Claim to that Suit. This she totally rejected.

They made her then a farther Offer of a Thousand Pounds more; and, at last, came to Eight Thousand Pounds, which she still refused: For I believe Resentment had so far gotten the better of her, that no Interest which could be offered seemed then to come in Competition with her truly Female Revenge: Therefore she was resolved to prosecute him to the utmost

most Rigor of the Law ; consequently, this Treaty went no farther.

And here we cannot help mentioning a Gentleman, who, as a Solicitor, had the Management of her Affairs, Mr. *H—* ; a Man, by her Account, of the greatest Integrity and Honour, and most eminent in his Profession : Tho' Mr. *Muilman*, and his Emissaries, did every thing in their Power to blacken and asperse him, for no other Reason than that he dared lend Mrs. *Muilman* his Advice and Assistance in so calamitous a Circumstance ; and so far they carried their Rage and Resentment against this Gentleman, that it was not enough, by all the false Invectives they could invent, to blacken and asperse his Character ; but meanly, and in the basest underhand manner that is possible to describe, contriv'd to irritate his Mother, Aunt, and Family, against him ; and, by that Means, sow such Seeds of Discord among them, as ended (it may be said) in his Ruin ; for his Mother and Aunt, both of whom were possess'd of very large Fortunes, and had no one belonging to them that had any Merit equal to his, died and disinherited him. But Mrs. *Muilman* is overjoy'd, that this Undertaking puts it in her Power to rescue that Gentleman's Character from the Malice of her Enemies,

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(for he had none of his own) greatly lamenting that it is the only Amends in her Power to make him.

This was but one Way of persecuting her: There was not a Calumny, Malice could invent, but Mr. *Muilman* spread, to prejudice the World against her; and these are the Anecdotes complained of in her Dedication: Among others, about that Time the famous Singer *Farinelli* was in *England*, and some of Mr. *Muilman's* Emissaries caused it to be reported, that she lived with this Creature in a most ridiculous, abandoned manner. They even went so far, as to get a literary Correspondence published and cried about the Streets, as having passed between them; tho' Mrs. *Muilman* never saw him in her Life; for, during the whole Time he was in *England*, she was in a very bad State of Health with a pleuretic Fever, which was attended with a violent Cough and spitting of Blood; and for near ten Months was visited every Day by Doctor *Beauford*, and Mr. *Stacey*, the Apothecary, of *Fetter-Lane*; and they are both still alive to attest the Truth of this.

Another villâinous Story that was propagated of her, was, that while she was in *Holland*, she got drunk, and behaved with such Indecency to his Father and Mother, they

they were obliged to turn her out of Doors; and so strongly had this Scandal operated upon the Minds of some certain People, that, immediately after the Publication of her first Number, Mrs. *Muilman* received the following Letter; which, as it has been mentioned in the Dedication, we take the Liberty to give our Readers.

MADAM,

A Regard for a Person, who, tho' unknown to me, I esteem injur'd, prompts me to let you know some Reports which are industriously spread by Mr. *Muilman*'s Friends to your Disadvantage; and if they are not (as I imagine they are) wholly false and groundless, yet I must think they are aggravated by additional and malicious Circumstances; the Falsity of which I hope you will think it worth your while to make appear, at least if you should not think proper to introduce the Subject into your Apology, yet I flatter myself, that, for the Satisfaction of myself, who am one one of your Well-wishers, you will publish in the Daily Papers an Answer to this Letter, in such a Strain as may render it intelligible to me, if not to others. Indeed, I intended to have related the Affair to you by a different Method; and, to that End, came to your

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House last *Wednesday*, with a Pretence of wanting 150 or 200 of your Books, and received an Answer from a Gentlewoman, who, tho' she seem'd not to acknowledge it, I take to have been yourself; and I find my Enquiry has occasion'd a printed Reference to your Bookseller, of all who require any Abatement in Consideration of taking a Number of your Apologies.

—— But not to keep you longer in Suspence, I will briefly and plainly relate to you what I have heard. 'Tis said, by Mr. *Muilman's* Friends, that when he took a Resolution to go over to *Holland*, you went with him under a Pretence of going to *Harwich* only; but when you came there, went on board the Pacquet, to take your Leave of him, and, when on board, could not be prevailed on by any Persuasions to return on Shore; and that when you came to *Holland*, you behaved at first very decently and modestly, but that you one Day, being in Company with a great Number of Ladies and Gentlemen, got drunk, and could not by any means be induced to retire, but behaved in a very indecent manner: At which the old Gentleman, much astonished, lifting up his Hands, said, Good God! what could induce my Son to marry this Creature? —— To which you replied, before all the Company,

pany, by lifting up your Petticoats, and uttering such an Expression as is too indecent for me to relate on Paper* : On which he turned you out of Doors. 'Tis also insinuated, that you one Time, without much Provocation, discharg'd a Pistol at Mr. *Muilman*, which carried away Part of his Wig, and a Piece of his Ear. These are such Suggestions I can scarcely credit, and shall continue to think so, unless I find that you do not take Notice of this Intelligence, which is given in a friendly manner, and that you may know what is privately, as well as publicly, said of you ; and shall continue to act the same Part, if I meet with Encouragement. I am, most sincerely,

MADAM,

Your real Friend, and

humble Servant,

May 2, 1748.

M——.

It is very disagreeable to Mrs. *Muilman* that she is oblig'd to enter into a Detail of these gross, mean Calumnies ; especially, as Mr. *Muilman*, since the Publication of this Work, having been charged to be the Author of them, by a Gentleman of

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great

* The Readers, we hope, will pardon our giving the Reply with the Grossness and Indelicacy it is mentioned, as it is the exact Copy of a Letter.

great Honour, absolutely denied them, and declared no Woman upon Earth ever behaved better than she did while in *Holland*; and we imagine there will need but little Argument to convince our Readers of the Ridiculousness and Folly of such an Imputation, when it is plain she never had the least Disagreement with his Father, or Friends, while she resided there; on the contrary, they all treated her in the tenderest manner imaginable, and loaded her with Presents at her Return.

Can it be imagined, if she had been guilty of these scandalous Obscenities with which she has been charged, that old Mr. *Muilman* would have brought his Daughter over to *England*, to visit her? who lived with her in the House several Months, in the greatest Friendship that could possibly subsist between two Sisters!——Yet we are under a Necessity of taking Notice of this Report, as we find it has (how absurd and monstrous soever it may appear) gained almost universal Credit; and even still continues so to do, with some *few credulous* People.

We cannot give our Readers a more lively Idea of the Affection that subsisted between the two Sisters, than by Miss *Muilman*'s own Words, in a Letter she wrote to her immediately after the Dis-
agreement

agreement happened between her Father and her, while they were at Sir *Randolph Knipe's*; which is as follows:

BELIEVE me, dear Sister, my Mind has not known one Moment's Content, since the unhappy Difference between you and my Father occasion'd our leaving your House. The Intent of my coming to *England* was to see you, and be always happy in your Company; and I shall have very little Comfort in it, if I am not only to be debar'd of that Pleasure, but am to follow the cruel Directions that are given me, when I see you to look upon you as a Stranger; for such a Behaviour would very little express the Sentiments of my own Heart, which has been, from the first Time I saw you, to love you as a Sister and as a Friend; and it will be hard for me to change my Opinion of your Merit, 'till I see you do any Thing unworthy of it; which I verily believe you are incapable of.—What my Father intends by all these Quarrels I don't know; it would not become me to blame his Conduct, and I wish I could say I approved it. It was an unfortunate Thing for us all that ever he saw Mr. *D* ——'s Face; what he said to him, I cannot tell; but my Father has been very uneasy ever since: It would

have been more like a *Christian*, and a good Man, if he knew any thing that would make a Disturbance in the Family, if he had held his Tongue, and kept it to himself. Mrs. *Martin* was here Yesterday with her gossiping Stories: You know, dear Sister, I always told you, tho' you were so civil to that Woman, I believ'd her to be a great Dissembler. People, who have been bad themselves, love to make Mischief, and would have others like themselves. She wanted to talk a great deal of Stuff to me, but I got up and went out of the Room; for I don't love to hear any body speak against you. God send Things may be reconciled before we go, or I shall leave *England* with a very uneasy Mind; and I am sure I came over with a very contented one, but little did I expect to see such unhappy Differences: Indeed, it grieves me to the Heart; for I love you sincerely, and shall always continue so to do: Therefore, I beg our Family Differences may make none between us. You know, dear Sister, how little I have in my Power; yet all I can do, by giving you the Commendations you justly deserve, shall never be wanting.—It would not be well in me to disoblige my Father; but, I assure you, I shall never hear you ill spoken of, but with Regret. I don't
find

find I am likely to have an Opportunity to tell you my Mind while we are here; and our going is fixed for *Thursday* sevensnight, so I resolved to write you my Thoughts, and contrive an Opportunity to give them you myself: And I hope whatever happens, we shall always be Friends. Your Man is to bring my Stays home on *Saturday*; if you please, I believe you may entrust him with a Letter to me. As soon as I get home, you shall hear from me; and I will let you know where to direct to me, that it may not come to our House; and I should be glad to know where to direct to you, that my *Brother* may not see my Letters. I hope you will be so good as to give me sometimes a Place in your Thoughts, you will seldom be absent from mine.

I am,
Tuesday Night, *dear Sister,*
 Your's, &c.

And soon after her Return to *Holland*, Mrs. *Muilman* received the following Letter. These, out of Numbers that are now in her Possession, are all we shall trouble our Readers with.

My dearest Sister,

I WAS favoured with your kind Letter by Capt. *Swinton*, and am very glad to hear you are well; but that Joy is not to come unaccompanied with Sorrow. You say, dear Sister, you have reconciled yourself to your Fate, so far as to resolve a Separation from my Brother; I hope God will put into his Heart other Thoughts; for I can plainly see nothing but Ruin can attend such a Scheme. I greatly fear there are some ill Advisers go between you: it would be else impossible my Brother could ever consent to part from you, or you be prevailed with to go from him. My dear Sister, let me persuade you if possible never do that. You see how busy the Malice of the World is with the Characters of the most innocent People; and what will they not invent of you, should you be once parted from my Brother? The Thought makes me so uneasy, I am not able to sleep; and I look so ill, every body who sees me are surprized. Is there no Way, dear Sister, left to reconcile all these Disputes? My Mother has fretted herself so, she is now quite ill again, that with her, and your melancholy Letters, I am almost out of my Senses. I wish I dared shew your Letter to my Father: I am sure
he

he little thinks Things are as you tell me, but I give all the Hints I can without speaking out; and this I can, of my own Knowledge, assure you, that my Brother never told a Word of what you mention before Marriage. I saw all his Letters, and I think him greatly to blame for not having done it, for that must have prevented all these Disputes. I hope God Almighty will direct you both for the best. It will be the greatest Affliction to me, that any thing should be the Occasion of your Separation, but in what Circumstances soever you may be in, it will never change my Heart: I shall always love you as I am convinced you deserve. I have heard nothing of a certain Person, since I came home; they are gone to *Leyden*.— I have taken a great deal of Pains to match your Gown, because I did not care to go to the Shop you bought it; but at last was forced to send another Person there, and the Moment they saw it they knew it: All that was left is about six Yards and a half, which tho' more than you desired, I have sent you; for if any Accident should happen, it never can be matched again. I hope it forebodes me no ill Luck, that one of the Diamonds are come out of the Buckle you were so obliging to give me, which I have sent over by the Captain,

and beg you will get new set, and return me by him: I have also sent you my old Necklace, which I beg, my dear Sister, you will change for a Pair of Ear-rings. I am greatly obliged to you for the Worsted and Patterns you were so good as to send me; I should have been glad to have had one of a whole Lappet; but I believe I can make Shift with these.—My dear Sister, if any thing is in my Power to oblige you, believe me you cannot oblige me more than when you lay your Commands on

Your sincerely affectionate Sister, &c.

Sept. 14, 1724.

Whether these Letters denote any Misbehaviour, or Disapprobation of her Conduct, we believe requires little Animadversion; therefore, we shall only add, that the Friendship and Correspondence between the Sisters continued 'till Miss *Muilman's* Death; which fatal Event her Sister reflects upon with the deepest Concern; especially, as it proved an untimely one: For with great Propriety it may be affirmed, she put an End to a Life precious to every one who had the Happiness of her Acquaintance; as she was not only extremely beautiful in Person, but of the mildest,

mildest, sweetest Disposition Imagination can form; and in short, was endowed with every Accomplishment esteemed an Ornament to the Sex.

Mrs. *Muilman* has the most pathetic Cause to lament her Loss, as she was not only deprived of the Correspondence and Society of an amiable Friend and Sister, but her Loss was still aggravated with the melancholy Consideration, that her (Mrs. *Muilman's*) Mal-Treatment from the Family, was, in a great Measure, the unhappy Occasion of it.

This young Lady's Heart was of too delicate and tender a Frame, to brook the unmerited Injuries of a Friend she so sincerely loved; which, together with a Sense of the Rigor and Severities she experienced on her own Part, on Account of this Attachment, it is feared drove her to such an Excess of Grief and Despair, as to render her capable of committing the only Action in her whole Life, that could properly be termed an Offence towards God or Man.

'Tis now Time we gratify the Curiosity we imagine our Readers may be in for the promised History of *Tartufe*, which we should have obliged them with sooner, could we have found a Place in this Narrative uninterrupted by other Matters; and
we

we now purposed to have began, but are still obliged to postpone it, in Obedience to the particular Command of many of Mrs. *Muilman*'s Friends, and some of them of high Rank, who have insisted she should here insert the Copy of a Letter, occasionally wrote by her to a Gentleman, who came to expostulate with her upon the Subject Matter of the intended History of *Tartufe*; but as she conceives it would be the highest Breach of good Manners in her to do that without her Correspondent's Permission, she wrote to him to request he would give her Leave to print it; to which she received the following Answer: Therefore, upon a Presumption that it will not offend, we take the Liberty to give our Readers the desired Copy of that she first wrote him; and purpose to begin our next Number with *Tartufe*:

MADAM,

THE Letter you wrote me, in Justification of your Design to publish your five Years Conversation with a Gentleman, (with whom I have sometimes had the Honour of eating at the same Table) I never imagined you designed should be of any farther Use to you, than to reconcile me to the Reasons you had for your being so out of Humour with him.

This

This Letter you gave me Leave to shew to any of my Acquaintance who might have the Curiosity to see it; and it was not long, before an Opportunity (to your Advantage) offered itself, to have it read (after Dinner not far from *London*) to a Company of about ten Persons, some of Quality, the rest of Condition, and all of them known to you. Whether the Spirit it was written with, or the lively Humour it was read with, (by a Gentleman of known Eloquence) contributed most to the Pleasure it gave the whole Table, I shall not take upon me to say; but from hence it was, that the Subject-Matter of it was soon blazed, and naturally kindled, in Numbers, a farther Desire to see it; which, without Incivility, could scarce now be refused them.—But to the Point.

This mettlesome Letter, wherein my Name is, occasionally, so often mentioned, you desire my Leave to publish, but not without it. Now what I think of the Matter is plainly this: That tho' I know of no Good the Publication of it can do me, yet I am sure the Suppression of it can do me no Harm. To this I know you will say, that the last is your only doing me a negative Favour; but the first is my refusing to do you a real Act of Friendship, that will cost me nothing. Here then

then you bring me into a real Distress, of either seeming to abet your Resentment against a Gentleman whom I am inclined to esteem, or of being myself uncharitably churlish to your Interest: If then you would have me sincere, I could wish you would point me out any other less questionable Way to serve you, to which no older Acquaintance than your Book has made of me, has given me a Bias; for, with all your Errors, there is a spirited Merit in some of your Historical Anecdotes, that, I am not ashamed to say, give me great Entertainment, and sometimes even a Compassion for what may be less called your Faults than your Misfortunes. To conclude: I am afraid the Publication of this Letter in Dispute, is so much at your Heart, that all I have said will be no more looked upon as a Refusal of your Suit, than is the faint Resistance of a fine Lady a Mark of her Aversion, when her Lover's in Earnest.

I am,

MADAM,

Your most humble Servant,

The following is the Copy of the within-mentioned Letter, which we hope our leaving out the Gentleman's Name it was addressed

addressed to, will be a farther Excuse to him for the Publication of.

I Affure you, dear Mr. ———, our last Conversation gives me great Anxiety; for, as I know no Man whose good Opinion and Friendship I would be more fond to cultivate than your's, it gives me inexpressible Pain to see you are still led away with the Prejudices that you have imbibed from common Fame; for put what Face you please upon all you said, I can plainly perceive it is Mr. S ——— *te* you plead in Favour of, and not my Interest: However, I will not easily harbour an Opinion that would be so disagreeable; therefore, shall think no Pains I can take too much to set you right; because I have too high an Opinion of your good Sense, to suspect you capable of *the Male-Partiality the Lords of the Creation are in general guilty of*; which is to say, I don't believe you will take it for granted Mr. S ——— *te* cannot do Wrong, because he is a *Man*; or that I ought not to complain, because I am a *Woman*, and add to that, an unhappy one: But, for want of viewing Things in their true Light, we make the greatest Mistakes in our Judgments. You say it can avail me nothing to print the Affair between us (you'll pardon me if I recapitulate some of

of your Arguments.) My Answer is, that it will most materially avail me, principally my Interest, and in the next Place my Revenge, for the most ungrateful, dishonourable, ungentleman-like Treatment that ever Woman received; and if I cannot make that appear to his eternal Infamy, my End is totally lost, and it is myself I injure. Don't mistake me, Sir, I don't mean that the Crime consists alone in a Man's seeking the Possession of a pretty Woman he happens to become acquainted with: He has Custom to plead in Favour of these Gallantries, and I will not take upon me to examine their Rectitude; but there may be Transactions during that Commerce, in which he may behave so as to deserve the Reproaches of all honest Men; and if this should hereafter appear to have been the Case, surely you will not blame me; and you are to take this with you also, that which I ought to have done from a Motive of Revenge only, I am now compelled to do for Bread. Consider, dear Sir, honest Mr. *Tartufe* will make at least Two Acts in my Drama, exclusive of his Letters; and I am well assured, they will not be the least acceptable Entertainment to my Readers.

This I believe in my Circumstances you will admit to be a reasonable Answer to
your

your first Question, viz. What would it avail me?

You say, Sir, it is tearing open the sacred Bonds of Friendship.——I deny it: It is he who has violated that sacred Tie, or I should have had no Wrongs to complain of. But pray, Sir, tell me, if your Father, or any Friend that you can still suppose dearer to you than him, without any Provocation on your Part, should break that Friendship off, and treat you with the highest Contempt and Ingratitude, would you not repine, resent, nay, and publicly upbraid him: In fine, Sir, before you condemn, you must feel for me; for if we are absolutely indifferent, *there is nothing we can pardon with more Facility than other People's Injuries.*

You say if he knew how to go about it, he would be glad to make me any reasonable Satisfaction. To this, give me Leave to assure you, he never had any such Intention, or else he would have taken some Step towards it long ago; for it is above four Months since I wrote to him I would print it, and if he had had any Thoughts of that kind, he would have prevented it before his Name had ever been mentioned. He wanted no Introduction to me; he knows me well, and, to my Shame, knows my Generosity, good Nature, and Honour,

Honour, and that I have too much of all of them ever to do an Act out of Character: But, Friend ———, to my certain Knowledge, he is not Master of one of these Qualities: *He is sordidly avaricious; his Affability is mere Grimace, and, like his Goodness and Sanctity, all Hypocrisy; Honour is a Stranger to his Soul;* or he could not, no, it would be impossible for him to be easy in the Circumstances he is now, and see a poor Girl, who has born him a Child, and once had the tender Regard I had for him; her, who has squandered away Thousands upon him, *when he wanted as much as she does now;* I say, had he the least Tincture of Honour in his Composition, I had never been reduced to write for Bread; and to evince the Truth of this, I wrote to him from the *King's-Bench* when I was there, and, after describing the melancholy Situation I was in, told him, I wanted Bread; for I was Fool enough to believe such Obligations would produce Gratitude: But would you believe it, dear ———, the Man's Reputation you are so much concerned for, took no more Notice of my Letter, than tho' he had never heard of my Name: *This is his Benevolence of Heart!—this his Gratitude!—and this his Honour!*—Believe me, Sir, he is so far from the Man you take him for,

for, I will prove him to be a *damned, dishonourable Hypocrite*, and support my Proofs by Vouchers of his own Hand-Writing; for I have learned by sad Experience, — *it must be strong Conviction indeed that turns the Multitude*: Therefore, I beseech you speak no more to me about it; for I can never be brought to think so slightly of it, as you would have me; and as it is the only Thing we have hitherto disagreed in, you'll pardon me, since I cannot be of your Sentiments, if I endeavour to bring you over to mine.

It is evident, he loves his Money above his Reputation; and it is Time now for me to think of making the most of the Loss of mine: Tho' he, good Saint! took but little Care of that; my *Soul* was the only Thing he was in Concern for, and that, I well remember, he has frequently expressed, with the Fear of Damnation, in the Midst of those amorous Endearments, and such — as are much better fancied than described.

I know very well the Uneasiness of Mind it gives him, now he is sure the Blow will inevitably come. Even our best Actions will scarce bear scrutinizing, and he cannot help being conscious of the Figure he is to make. His Hopes were that I menaced him with a Thing that I had not a
Head

Head to go thro' with, or Fortune to undertake; *it was my supposed Misery he put at Defiance*: Grateful Lover!—I forgot to tell you I have had a Hint given me, that, for the Sake of my *poor Soul*, if I would retire to a Convent, he would allow me a small Pension, upon which I might *starve and repent*; but as *Example* is apt to prevail more with us than *Precept*, by his *Rule* I don't find it necessary to mortify that Way: * *Were I Mistress of Eighty Thousand Pounds, a handsome young Fellow, a fine Country Seat, and a luxurious Table; all which are principal Things to excite Contrition*; thus at my Ease, egad, I believe I should make a most *exemplary Penitent*: But were I ever so much inclined to embrace a Life of Mortification, he knows I am so circumstanced it is impossible for me to accept it, unless I could be inhuman enough to leave my poor *Family to starve and perish*. I am however obliged to him for the charitable Offer; but if he would carry his *Sanctity* yet a little farther, and begin with one of the principal Tenets of our Church, called *Restitution*, that would do as well for me; and he need never fear the

* *Tartufe* has a most beautiful Country Seat, and above Eighty Thousand Pounds left him by his first Wife, and is now married to a second, a very amiable Lady.

the being exposed, for in that Case, I should be able to live without writing.

I beg a Million of Pardons for taking up so much of your Time; but you have accustomed me to such a patient Hearing of all the Nonsense I talk to you, I hope you will have the Goodness to indulge me now.

I am quite crazy we should differ in Opinions in any thing: My Fingers are cramped, and my Mind no more at Ease than it was; nor will it be, 'till I have the Pleasure of seeing you; for in this Particular, I am no Woman: I am not fond of having all the Talk; but you have drawn this upon yourself, you know you would not stay to hear me out.

Adieu, dear Sir, believe me whether Saint or Sinner, I shall be always, unalterably,

Your most humble Servant,

July 4, 1748.

T. C. PHILLIPS.

THE



THE
A M O U R S
OF
T A R T U F E.



ARTUFE then is the younger Son of a *Roman* Catholic Baronet, who had a very large Family of Children, and but a moderate Estate; yet he was bless'd with Talents that were a very sufficient Recompence, and amply supply'd the Want of Fortune to his Family: He was humane and good-natured, a most tender Husband and affectionate Father; and a Man who led a most exemplary Life. He had, besides these laudable Qualities,

lities, Generosity, Hospitality, and an affable Behaviour.

No Wonder then, that this happy Mixture of Accomplishments procur'd him many Friends, whose Interest he made such prudent Use of, that his Sons were no sooner grown, and of an Age to go into the World, but he found Means of introducing them in the most advantageous Manner.

But as their Religion was an absolute Bar to any Preferment they might expect in *England*, they were educated abroad: Our *Tartufe* was sent to *Lorrain*; where he was brought up and treated as a Person of Condition.

The high Reputation that University is in, makes it almost needless for us to say, that it affords every Advantage that can contribute to the Instruction of Youth: Add to this, it is a very cheap Country, which we presume was one of the Reasons that induc'd his Father to make Choice of it for him; the little he could afford to bestow upon his Education, answered there all the Ends of a much greater Expence at Home.

Tartufe had likewise the Honour to be recommended, by some of the first *Roman Catholic* Nobility in this Kingdom, to the Protection of the then Duke of *Lorrain*, whose

whose Favour he always was honoured with ; and, from his first Arrival, he made him one of his Pages ; for that was no Interruption to his Studies, but rather gave those who had the Care of his Education, a more partial Attention towards him.

With all the Advantages and Opportunities to profit by so happy a Beginning, we are now to examine how far Nature had rendered him capable of Improvement.

His Person is, without being handsome, agreeable ; he is rather tall than middle-sized, but too much inclined to *Fat* to be called *well-shap'd*. There is something full of Meaning in his Eyes, which his Tongue has a most artful Way of explaining. His whole Figure together is graceful : He is clean, even to Female Delicacy ; and has a very dangerous Address ; dangerous we call it, because to every Purpose he would chuse to make Use of it, it's Insinuations are irresistible.

His Complexion is so strongly sanguine one would imagine it rather owing to the *Tightness* of his Cravat, than Nature ; for it is a Red something tinged with Blue ; But this severe Tinct is a good deal softened by the Darkness of his Wigs, which
are

are usually those of the *newest Paris* Edition.

His Dress inclines to the Magnificent ; his Cloaths are well chosen, but give him rather an Aukwardness than a genteel Air ; for they are generally made so much too little for him, to humour *his ardent Desire of appearing slender*, it makes his *Trop en bon point* (or, as we *English* call it, the Bulk of his Body) the more conspicuous, by endeavouring to hide it.

The Feet upon which this *comely Structure* stands, are of a *nice* and *delicate* Make ; and, that no Part of him may want the least ornamental Assistance, his very *Shoes* have a remarkable *Shine* ; which particular Lustre has also this innocent Quality ; that it leaves no Soil, or Sign of Familiarity, upon the Lady's Petticoats ; a secret of no trivial Consequence to the amorous *Tartufe*.

He is of a robust, lascivious Constitution ; but, by Nature, so *artful* and *selfish*, that in a *Particular*, in which the wisest and most prudent of us all sometimes fail, he always preserves an *inviolable Adherence* to his *Interest* ; which he very early found the Usefulness of making go Hand in Hand with his *Pleasures* : Indeed, by this mercenary Way of intriguing, he avoided the *Dis honour* that attended Mr. *Grimes's*

favourite Vice of betraying young Girls; and the ill Consequence of being sometimes obliged to *pay* for it. — He chose *riper Beauties*; which answered his End both Ways.

For this Reason his Addresses were chiefly made to married Ladies, who had the Command of their Husbands or Lovers Finances; he liked his Ease, and therefore did not chuse to be concerned where his Pleasures were to be in *any Shape curtailed*: If a Child happen'd to follow (which was a Consequence that seldom missed, where he had an Attachment) he chose it should be fathered without any *Inconvenience* or *Expence* to him; for he had a *natural Aversion* to *Contributions*, even where *Nature* and *Humanity* demanded.

And this Parsimony was the more unpardonable, considering how *prolific* was our Hero; an Instance of which we shall have Occasion to mention *greatly* to his *Honour*, in the Case of a Lady of Quality, since deceased; who (it has been reported) called many to her Husband's Assistance unsuccessfully; — no Progeny appeared, 'till aided by the *amorous Tartufe*: And, if we are to give any Credit to his own *Relations*, his *Exploits* that way has recommended him to many Ladies, and some of
them

them of *high Rank*: Indeed, they had also the best Fortunes.

But as the Opportunities which favour these Amours, like Time, are to be caught *flying*, the Composition that was in those Days made Use of, to clean the Gentlemen's Shoes, frequently exposed him to Discoveries, from some tell-tale Observations that might be made by a prying Eye.

What was to be done in this Case? — For the precious Moments that were wasted in pulling off, and putting on, his Shoes, he thought might be *busbanded* much more to his Advantage: In fine, this was a Matter of such Importance, he set himself seriously about to contrive something that might answer the End without the Inconvenience.

After much Study and Labour, he at last hit upon the *happy shining Japan*; the Secret of which curious Composition, he has assured his faithful Historian, was first owing to this Consideration; and he has the *particular Merit* of having generously communicated it *gratis* to the Public, which has ever since been of great Utility; and still continues the sole Substance of many a *worthy* and *industrious* Shoe-Boy.

His Linnen, no unpleasing Ornament in the Ladies Opinion, he was so lavishly fantastical in, that he thought no Expence extravagant; to humour which, long before *Fortune* had declar'd him a *Favourite*, and in the Time of his *known Indigence*, our Apologist with Shame remembers to have presented him Ruffles of Twelve Pounds a Yard.

Perfumes discover his Approach, as distinguishingly as the Fragrance of the Air does *Arabia's* Coast: The Tip of a white Handkerchief, dip'd in *Eau Admirable*, is permitted to peep out of his Pocket, and gives a Sample of his all-over Sameness.

Thus gaily rig'd and fited out, let us imagine him launching from a fine gilt Chariot into *White's* Chocolate-House, with a majestic Consciousness of the Splendor of his Figure. But we must not leave him here inactive: From thence he is convey'd to the nearest great Lady's Assembly, where he makes his Appearance, and affects an Air of Gallantry and Softness; or, as *Dryden* in the Play describes *Cleopatra*,

*As if secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting he could take them.*

But

But avast! we seem here to have got a little too much a-head with our History: Let us therefore return to his younger Days, that we may bring him more gradually forward into Life; it will otherwise be a Surprise to our Readers how he came to excel in the Art of Dissimulation, unless they are informed of his Beginning. We must therefore consider him first in Nature's simple Dress, e'er his Vices had ripened into Maturity under the *Sunshine* of a Court; and before we should have told them what he now is, we ought to have informed them what he first was.

To shew then how early young *Tartufe* was formed for Hypocrisy, (to which we cannot but say, his natural *Good-breeding* happily contributed) let the following Account of him, which our Apologist assures us, in the dalliant Moments of his unguarded Heart, she had from his own Mouth, demonstrate; for there are a Sort of Men, as *Shakespeare* says, *so loose of Heart that, in their Sleep, they will mutter their Affairs*.

Of this kind was our *Tartufe*, for when his Hypocrisy slept, he has told her what his waking Appearance of Sanctity would have blushed at.

Under this Veil, which he soon perceived was an infallible Charm to take Hold of

his Mother's Heart, he found her weak Side. While the young Chevalier, his Brother, like a carnivorous Creature, was running after the Servant Maids in a Morning: he, our pious *Tartufe*, was as sure to be found upon his Knees in the Chapel, just before he knew his sincerely devout Mama would come into it: And so far did this Shew of Devotion prevail, that it soon distinguished him in the Favour of Sir *John* and my Lady; and not only gave him the Command of his Mama's very scanty Purse, which was always open to him, but it likewise shut her Ears against any Story, tho' ever so true, that was told her to his Disadvantage.

Thus in vain did a good old Priest, who lived in the House, assure her, (as his Duty obliged him) that her sober Son, in Appearance, had criminal Conversation with not only a young Lady their Relation who frequently visited the Family, but likewise had descended to as familiar a Commerce with two of the Maid-Servants: But, alas! how unavailing was this Information? The poor Priest saw him not with her Eyes: She had beheld him *pray*, and with such *Purity* of Spirit, had an Oracle informed her, that at Sixteen her Saint was a lewd, hypocritical Sinner, it would not have been believed.

The

The Advantages therefore he reaped by this Garb of Sanctity, were too precious to be lost by his throwing it off; inso-much, that he chose to appear in it among his Companions of Pleasure, nor could all their Railery discountenance it.

From hence, the late Lord *Litchfield* (than whom no Man knew him better) called him *the Priest*; a Dignity by which his Intimates still distinguish him.

Thus accomplished with this soft and ductile Disposition, which could *bow* and *bend* to every Gale of *Interest*, he was sent to the University of *Lorrain*, where it may be no Surprize to hear he soon found the smooth and nearest way to his Master the Duke of *Lorrain's* Favour: But the Death of this young and amiable Prince, obliged our courtly *Tartufe*, his Education being finished, to return to *England*.

But our Hero, while at Home, imbibed so early a Taste for Love, that he had no Relish for Time only *wasted* in the tedious Pursuits of Learning; therefore he always found Means to intermix the softer Pleasures with those (however useful) less entertaining; and, from his earliest Days of Manhood, was one of those *cautious Gallants* who accustomed Love and Learning to accompany each other.

Indeed, this was a Prudence the more necessary, considering one of his Passions had so much the Ascendant over all his others: His Avarice kept even the Tyrant Love in due Subjection.

A Proof of this evidently appears thro' the whole Course of his Life; for he wisely took Care never to attach himself, but where the Idol, to whom his Devotions were address'd, should have it in her Power to gratify him *both Ways*: Indeed, it is rarely seen, that Women have the Discretion to guard their *Fortunes* from the Power of the Man, whom they intrust with their Persons. We suppose our Apologist speaks by Experience.

During his Stay in that Country, he contracted an Intimacy with one of the *Dames d'Honneur*, or Ladies of Honour, to the Duchess of *Lorrain*, which was like to be attended with most fatal Consequences; for, tho' the Lady was lovely in her Person, her *Fortune* was too small to make a younger Brother, who had *Tartufe's* aspiring Genius, happy; and he had too much worldly Prudence and Ambition, to entertain any Idea of becoming a Husband upon *other* Considerations.

It

It was therefore a dangerous Situation, for an innocent young Lady, extremely beautiful, and of a soft and ductile Temper, to be so circumstanced as to be *unavoidably exposed to the Insinuations of the sly and designing Tartufe*; who took all the Opportunities a Court gives young People, that are Servants in it, of being frequently together, to whisper Love to this poor young Creature, whom we shall hereafter distinguish by the Name of *Delia*.

Tartufe was too much a Master of every ruinous Art necessary to engage the Affections of the Fair, to fail of Success in any Enterprize of the amorous kind: There was no Shape or Form but he could with Ease assume, that was likely to captivate that unwary Sex. If the Heart he was in Pursuit of, was to be won by the gay, polite and easy, he could be that Sort of fine Gentleman; if to be taken by Storm, the Soldier; were she devout, he *good Soul!* could be the *Saint*.

Thus was his Genius fitted to every Foible of that weak, unguarded Sex. — Can it then be wonder'd, considering he had practis'd Hypocrisy even from his very Beginning, if he excelled all other Men in that detestable Vice?

In vain did Reason combat: The Fate of *Delia* hung upon his Lips; she soon
 E 5 felt

felt the Power of this artful Invader : Alas! she loved! and the ungenerous *Tartufe* took the Advantage of an unguarded Moment to ruin her! — Fatal Period of a Woman's Life, where, nothing suspecting, they hazard all! for, in that Hour of Danger, Virtue and Reason sleeps. — There is no Guard. — Nothing awakes but their Attention : They hear, — believe, — and are undone! — Hapless *Delia*! She soon found the unwelcome Effects of such an Intercourse, by the too visible Proof of their amorous Theft. This growing Fruit of their secret Commerce, was a Circumstance he could have gladly dispenced with. However, there was no Time to lose : A Remedy for the Evil was now the only Thing to be thought of; and the first Expedient that occured to the conscientious *Tartufe*, was to give the poor innocent *Delia* Drugs that he hoped would procure Abortion.

How far that might endanger the Life of *Delia*, so it destroy'd the Unoffending and Unborn, that Appearances might be saved, no Matter : The Crime was a trifling Consideration not worth regarding, when the Favour of his Prince was at Stake, whose Resentment would inevitably fall upon him, for having dishonoured

a young Lady under the Protection of his Ducheſs, and to whom he was reſolved at all Events never to make *les Amendes honorable* ; or, in plain *Engliſh*, was determined never to marry.

Nature however reſuſed to give up her Charge, and ſtubbornly reſiſted the poiſonous Draught. The Unborn ſtruggled for Life, even in Embrio.

This was a ſtunning Diſappointment : He never ſuſpected her delicate Frame had Strength to combat againſt a Composition of that noxious Quality ; and all the Bloom and Beauty of the divine *Delia*, could ſcarce give a Reliſh to the ſickly Appetite of the ſqueamiſh *Tartuſe*, when he found his Pleaſures were to be ever ſo little interrupted. She grew burdensome from the Pains he was obliged to be at, to conceal a Shame that he himſelf had brought upon her : Tho' if her Ruin had only been concerned, it might poſſibly have been diſregarded ; but the Diſpleaſure of the Duke and Ducheſs would have inevitably fallen equally upon him, and ſo far it was a Happineſs for *Delia*, that his own Intereſt obliged him to a Concealment, which, had he been independent, 'tis poſſible might have ſat eaſy upon his *Honour*.

In

In this Perplexity, he at last hit upon another Expedient, *to the full as honourable and humane.*

There was a young Gentleman, a *Roman* Catholic and who had a very large Estate, at that Time at the Academy with him, who was greatly enamoured with the lovely *Delia*; and never dreaming of *Tartufe's* Intimacy with her, he, the honest unsuspecting *Damon*, (for so we shall call him) made him the Confident of his Passion; and as he perceived there was a great Familiarity betwixt *Delia* and him, which he thought their being Servants together authorized, the Love-sick *Damon* entreated the designing *Tartufe* to find some Means to forward his Suit to the lovely *Delia*.

Tartufe assured him, he would take all Opportunities to speak advantageously of him to the Fair One, and would, as soon as he had sounded her upon the Affair, let him faithfully know her Sentiments; but withal gave him to understand, by some Expressions he had heard *Delia* let fall in his Favour, he did not believe his Addresses would be displeasing.

How false so ever such an Insinuation was, it did not fail to give the amorous *Damon* the highest Content, who now looked upon *Tartufe* as his Guardian Angel.

On

On the other Hand, our wilely Projector found this would be the only probable Means to prevent a Discovery, the Consequence of which might possibly have terminated in both their Ruins.

But as there were many Difficulties to encounter, and but little Time to surmount them, it was necessary to set about it with all the Expedition and Address he was Master of; and the first and grand one was, to dispose the unhappy *Delia* to sacrifice herself to another: A Point he found not quite so easy as he expected; for, notwithstanding all the Art and Eloquence with which he very well understood how to dress his Purpose up, she could not be persuaded that any Misfortune, no, not even the total Loss of Reputation, could equal that of a Separation from him; for *Delia* had so much of the Seeds of Virtue in her Soul, she apprehended that, to be married to another, was giving herself entirely to that Husband, and being for ever deprived of her dear *Tartufe*: But he soon undeceived and gave her to understand, that some Wives, as well as Lovers, broke through their Vows and Matrimonial Contracts.

But this Argument had no Weight with *Delia*, who had not been long enough under her Lover's Tuition, to reconcile such
Actions

Actions with Faith, Truth, and Honour: However he continued, by shewing her how impossible it was for him to marry her; and the Misery they should be both exposed to, whenever the Affair came to be discovered by the Duke and Dukes.

But all the Scenes of Distress his Art could paint, made not the least Impression upon *Delia*: She could apprehend no approaching Misery which had the frightful Aspect of that she formed to herself of being any other Man's; and would have readily accepted any Proposition, to the endangering even of Life, rather than abandon him: The humblest State of Wretchedness, in her Opinion, seemed preferable to that of becoming Wife to any Man upon such base Conditions.

But these heroic Sentiments of Love, Constancy, and Honour, did not all answer his End: He had two Points to secure by her marrying *Damon*; first it would rid him of the Inconveniencies attending such an Amour, and at the same Time secure him (*during his Pleasure*) the Possession of her Person; and as *Damon* had such an extraordinary Passion for her, he would infallibly give her the Command of his Fortune; a Particular our Hero always kept in View, and was a very necessary Article for a Lady to be possessed of, who
proposed

proposed to keep *Tartufe* for any long Continuance her Lover.

In short, finding none of these Arguments could prevail, he at last resolved to have Recourse to Truth; a desperate Remedy! but our Readers will please to observe, the Disease was also desperate; for it must have been an Affair of no less Consequence, that could oblige the *scrupulous Tartufe* to act so much out of Character: Therefore, he told her, if these were her Sentiments, he hoped she would pardon him, if, to provide for his own Safety, he immediately returned for *England*; for, as he had no Fortune to enable him to support her, he had nothing left for it but to quit her for ever; that he was determined absolutely not to face the Resentment of the Duke and Duchefs, or stay in *Lorrain* upon any other Terms than what he had proposed to her; having come to a Resolution within himself, upon no Consideration ever to marry the Woman he had possessed: Tho' *he knows* the wisest Men sometimes find it their Interest to make Exceptions to Rules they lay down for their own general Conduct.

However, so sincere and uncourtly a Declaration, struck the poor unhappy *Delia* almost with Death:—She fell, fainting

ing at his Feet; and it was with the utmost Difficulty he could bring her back to Life. This ungentle Behaviour was near performing the Operation that the Strength of Nature had denied to Drugs, calculated for the abominable Purpose we have before mentioned.

But here let us pause for a Moment, to remark the Baseness and Sensuality of that perfidious Sex, and wonder at your strange Infatuation, ye credulous Fair! Tho' every Day presents ye some new Instance of their Baseness and Cruelty, still *ye believe*; and what will certainly follow is — *ye are deceived*; for let the Beginning be ever so flattering, sooner or later, *thus will it end!* — If ye escape the Censure of the World, which seldom happens, they themselves will be at last the Instruments of your Misery; and he, the perfidious he, who has ruined and betrayed you! will be the first to upbraid you for your Loss of Virtue.

But with *Tartufe*, according to Custom, the Thoughts of Self-Preservation was ever present; therefore the Fear he was in that her Grief and Uneasiness would be taken Notice of by the Court, made him say every Thing he could think of to calm her Mind: He told her, he had only said that harsh Word, to make a Trial of the Sincerity of her Passion; that he loved her to
Adoration,

Adoration, and would always continue so to do, and looked upon her in the Face of Heaven as his Wife, and what he requested of her was only for their immediate Preservation; her Marriage would cause no Separation between them; his *Friendship* with *Damon* would always give him Access to her, and as *Damon* was not a Man of the brightest Understanding, he would from Time to Time give her such Instructions for the Management of this proposed Husband, that he would engage should make Life quite agreeable to them: Therefore he entreated and begged of her, by all their tender Ties of Love and Hopes of future Happiness, she would yield to the only visible Expedient that could possibly be found out to prevent their mutual Ruin.

Was there ever so friendly a Counsellor? With Ease, alas! we credit what we love! Delia, tho' with great Reluctance, at last consented, and promised to follow implicitly the Instructions of her Lover.

The Affair was soon concluded; there was but little Artifice necessary, to engage the enamoured *Damon* to make an Alliance he so ardently wished for; but *Tartufe* took Care to take upon himself the highest Merit, from such an *unprecedented* Mark of *Friendship*, pretending, that the Grief
he

he perceived poor *Damon* suffer, from *Delia*'s seeming Insensibility of his Passion, had moved him to become, in Earnest, his Advocate; and he was overjoyed his Reasoning with her, at last, had happily given her a just Sense of his Friend's Merit, whose Happiness he *solemnly declared* was as dear to him as his own.—*Generous Tartufe! our Readers will observe how honourably he treated his best Friend, and his beloved Mistress.*

It was resolved, by the Advice of this *honest* Counsellor, that *Damon*, who had no Father alive, and was of a full Age to command his own Fortune, should demand the charming *Delia* of the Duke and Duchess in Marriage; which was readily granted; for there could be no Objection to her Birth, and his Fortune was so considerable he was justly intitled to make an Alliance of Inclination.

Their Nuptials were accordingly solemnized with great Pomp and Magnificence. *Delia* had the usual Fortune bestowed upon her by the Duchess, which was immediately expended upon Jewels, and other Ornaments, to adorn the lovely Bride.

But upon the Death of the Duke, which happened soon after their Marriage, the Duchess retired to a Convent, and was the Occasion that all their Attendants were dismissed.

missed. *Damon*, *Delia*, and *Tartufe* returned to *England*, where they continued near seven Years before the generous, open-hearted, unsuspecting *Damon* ever perceived the Intimacy between his Wife and her Lover.

Delia was, by the Time of their Arrival in *England*, pretty far advanced in her Pregnancy ; ——— but there still remained a delicate Piece of Management necessary to conceal from *Damon* the forward Birth, who was not quite so simple as to believe a grown Infant could, in Nature's Course, be the Product of a five Months Marriage; therefore it was found expedient to let some of her Women Friends into the Secret: Indeed it would not have been easy to carry on such an Imposition without the Assistance of more Confidants than one.

The next Thing to be done was, to find an experienced Midwife, one who was well versed in all the Shifts and Arts requisite for such an iniquitous *Undertaking*: But, happily for them, their Precautions proved unnecessary ; *Delia* was delivered of a dead Child, to which the Compositions her Lover had administred might have possibly contributed.

Thus, in Part aided by Providence, the poor *Delia* narrowly escaped the Demonstration such a Circumstance (tho' ever so artfully

artfully managed) would have given her Husband, and the World, of her Loss of Honour; Virtue, we don't know how to call it; tho', exclusive of the unhappy Passion she had for *Tartufe*, she was a Woman in all other Respects of a most innocent and unblameable Conduct.

Thus did they continue, the Lover and the Husband, to all Appearance in the strictest Confidence and Friendship: But there is a Time when ill Actions, tho' hid in the darkest Recesses, will come to Light.

It first began to be prattled among the Servants, from them to the Neighbours, and, at last, to some of those officious Friends, who, envious of poor *Damon's* Tranquility, by way of Secret, told him his Wife was suspected to abuse his Bed; and with whom: Cruel Obligation! that possibly at once might totally destroy his Peace of Mind: For, tho' *Damon* was not a Man of the brightest Genius, he was tenacious enough of his Honour; and had so much of the Male-Sense of Government strongly implanted in his Nature, he could, tho' with less Provocation, have become the hostile Husband; but had that been the only Evil, *Delia* had no Right to complain.

The enraged *Damon* took Care to watch the Motions of his Wife so closely, he was not

not long before he made Discoveries that amounted to Demonstration:—And, as frequently happens to *Men in these Circumstances*, from light Suspicions they become jealous, and are upon the Rack, 'till their Jealousies are satisfy'd by Certainty: and this is a Curiosity, they for the most part pay dearly for, as it seldom happens unattended by the dire Effects of Anger, Rage, and Resentment, as well as the total Destruction of a Family.

The first Thing then that *Damon* did was, to forbid *honest* Mr. *Tartufe* his House, and, in his own Justification, publish his Wife's Misconduct to all his Friends,—'till 'till a mistaken Error that most Men run to, who do not give themselves Time to reason upon such critical Emergencies, that they are to receive the general Pity: But 'twas a truly wise Saying of Sir *Francis Bacon*, viz. *That the first Step to the being despised, was to be pitied.*

Delia, now confined to her Chamber, permitted only to breath, — and, for the most part, was at full Liberty to make her own melancholy Reflections, had no other consolation than that of now and then receiving Letters from her Lover, which she still continued to do by the Means of her Woman, who always remained her faithful confidant.

Thus,

Thus, for a small Time, she dragged Life along, 'till Grief, and a breaking Heart, brought her into a very low State of Health.

Damon, on the other Hand, quite unmoved by her Sufferings, scarce ever saw her; or, when he did, it was only like a severe Monitor, to put her in Mind that she was wretched.

Relentless, hard-hearted *Damon*! did mortified and disconsolate Life, like her, want any better Remembrancer than her own sad Reflections? — And, that those Reflections might receive no Interruption, he took Care to give her Melancholy Time to brood, by totally restraining her from the Comforts of Society.

For his own Part, he soon made an Acquaintance with a young Lady in the Neighbourhood, whose Charms had had some Influence on his Heart, before the Infidelity of his Wife was discovered; and 'tis possible this new Passion made *Delia*'s Indiscretions sit much lighter on him, than they would otherwise have done.

This young Lady's Father was his intimate Acquaintance, who being perfectly informed of *Damon*'s Family Affairs, and the bad State of Health his Wife was in, thought it prudent not to discountenance his Visits for, supposing *Delia* not to be long lived

he well understood the Advantage of such an Alliance for his Daughter, to whom he could not give any Fortune. Therefore, added to her other Miseries, the poor forsaken *Delia* had the Mortification to see another in her Place in all Respects (but her Bed) before her Eyes were closed, and even her Jewels and Trinkets given away to *Damon's* intended Spouse.

Poor *Delia* was at last quite worn out: The Pain of Thinking brought her to the Grave! but she was too much enfeebled by a general Decay to have any Pangs upon, from the Approaches of Death, which she rather looked upon as the happy Termination of a Life consumed in Misery; and, finding herself just ready to leave this miserable World, she ordered her Woman to write to *Tartufe*, who was in *London*, about sixty Miles Distance from the House of *Damon*, which was beyond *Banbury* in *Oxfordshire*, and desired he would come away immediately, if he hoped or expected to see *Delia* alive; there was nothing now to dread; *Damon* was continually at the House of his intended Bride, and *Tartufe* might see the dying *Delia* uninterrupted.

Upon the Receipt of this Letter, he set out immediately, and when he came to her Bed-side, she looked at him with Eyes full of

of Tenderneſs, Shame, and Penitence; for tho' it was impoſſible for her even in Death to ſurmount the Paſſion ſhe had for him nothing could end Life with more pious Sorrow and Contrition; and, taking hold of his Hand, which ſhe had hardly Strength to bring to her Lips, in a feeble Voice ſaid to him :

I am going, my dear Tartuſe, to render up a Life that has been for ſome Time troubleſome to us both.——Heaven has been merciful as to afflict me with a long Sickneſs and that has given me Time for Reflection.——My Mind is penetrated with the deepeſt Senſe of Remorſe for my Miſconduet; and I hope my Sufferings in this World, will make my repenting Soul an Offering leſs unworthy of the Mercies of my much offended God:——Take then this laſt Farewel of a wretched Being, who is going to render up a long Account of guilty Love; for, alas! even at this Inſtant, when my Soul and Body is ready to ſeparate, I am afraid my Paſſion for you ſtill continues entire. But Heaven I hope has Mercy.——Take Care I conjure you, my dear Tartuſe, how you attempt to make ſuch another Sacrifice.——Remember, you muſt one Day die! ——The Wrongs you have done me I forgive; and beſeech Heaven no Part of them may be hereafter brought to your Account. ——One Thing more: ——Take (continued ſhe) this

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*little Box, in which you will find some Trifles;
— as they are at my own Disposal, — I
beg you would accept of; — 'tis all in my
Power to give. — I am going — may
Heaven direct you. — And with these
last Words expired!*

Such was the tragical End of the unfor-
tunate *Delia*; a severe Example of her Sex's
Frailty! — Unhappy Creature! who
knows but that a Mind so well disposed,
might have led a Life of Purity, and ended
her Days in the Paradise of Innocence, had
not *Tartufe*, like another Tempter, stolen
upon her unsuspecting and unguarded Mo-
ments, and with his well-gloss'd Subtilty
seduced her to break the divine Command?
—— Yet if a contrite Heart may hope
to merit Forgiveness, why may it not be
presumed *Delia* is now happy? Whether
her Lover was touch'd with the same Com-
punction, has not yet come to our Know-
lege. — But to resume our Story.

The lovely *Delia*, who, but a Moment
before, had so tenderly put him in Mind
of the End we are born to make, lay
breathless and pale before him; and at
once proved a Truth we endeavour to keep
as far from our Thoughts as possible.

Tartufe stood for some Time quite mo-
tionless, to contemplate this mournful, me-
lancholly Spectacle; and probably, tho'

his Soul was so well fortify'd against Humanity, he might for a Moment feel some relenting Pangs for the Miseries he had brought upon the unhappy *Delia*: But his natural Aversion for such Sort of Reflections, soon brought to his Thoughts the Necessity he was under to retire; and, after taking from her Woman a large Bundle of Letters, his Picture, and some other amorous Trophies, that might very likely be assisting in such another Enterprize, he left the Room, and immediately returned to *London*.

The News of his Wife's Death was soon carried to the joyful *Damon*, who ordered her Funeral Ceremonies to be performed with all the Privacy possible; and, in a few Days after, he was married.

The Reader, without Doubt, will be curious to know, how this Story, in which no one Circumstance appears to the Honour or Advantage of the Hero, should come to the Knowledge of our Apologist; and that, knowing such a Tale of Horror, she afterwards, by her own Confession, came to place the Confidence she did in this dishonest Hypocrite; for the Picture she has given us of him, can have no Sort of Resemblance, if such a Relation came from his own Mouth. A Moment's Patience, Reader. — This then is the Account

Account she gives. Some of the Out-lines she had from his own Mouth, gloss'd over with the Praises of the deceased Lady, (for Mrs. *Muilman*'s Acquaintance with him, did not commence 'till after her Death) his Regret for her Loss, his Constancy to her, and, in fine, every Elogium upon himself that his Art could draw, by *distorting* or *concealing* the true Sense and Motive of all his Actions to serve another Purpose, and make her believe he was the Mirror of Truth, Fidelity and Goodness.

Thus did he artfully draw Hints from this Story, to raise his own Merit, and lay the Ground-Work of another Adventure, which furnishes to the full as many Instances of his Honour; and this was the End of the Perspective he turned to her: Possibly, she had remained in that Error 'till this very Moment, had he not come to visit her in *Hatton-Garden*; and being known to the Woman who waited upon Mrs. *Muilman*, she discovered herself to be the very Maid and faithful Confident of the poor unhappy *Delia*, and from whose Mouth she (Mrs. *Muilman*) had the Story in it's true Light; for she had lived with her Mistress from her Childhood, who kept nothing a Secret from her.

Thus from *his Copy*, and *her Original*, we have drawn our Picture; no *Caracatura*, nor in the least aggravated (believe me, gentle Reader) for had we kept up close to the Bitterness of some Facts, they would have been too shocking to read, as well as to relate.

His Correspondence now began with Mrs. *Muilman*, to which he was introduced by a slight Acquaintance with Mr. *B. ———*.

His first Visits were only those of Ceremony; for he had all the necessary Command of his Passions, requisite for a *Gallant who prudently planned his Intrigues*; and it was some time before he gave her any Hint of his Intention.

He took Care first to begin, by giving her the highest Opinion of his *Prudence*, *Secresy*, *Honour* and *Constancy*; for these were all necessary Qualities for a Gallant who proposed to *steal away the Affections of his Friend's Wife* (for so he imagined Mrs. *Muilman* to be to Mr. *B. ———*;) but the tragic Story of the unhappy *Delia*, as his Art dressed it up, frequently gave him Opportunities to let fall Hints, that, by Degrees, pretty clearly unveiled his Purpose.

However, the first Explanation they had upon the Affair of Love, she told him, It
was

was true, she had the utmost Satisfaction in his Company ; but that, for the little Time she had known the World, she had experienced so much of the Vexations and Vicissitudes of it, she was determined never to embark in any such Schemes ; at present she was quite easy, and could find, by the Accounts of others, the Comforts of the Love he talk'd of were so few, rationally comparing them to the Miseries with which they were generally accompany'd, she could see no Happiness adequate to the Discontent ; and therefore beg'd he would desist from any Intention of that Kind : That she thought herself greatly oblig'd to him for the kind Sentiments he had of her, and while he could keep them within the Bounds of Friendship, his Company would be always pleasing to her.

He took his Leave, after this Conversation, we believe not so much discouraged as she might possibly imagine ; for the next Morning the following Letter was put into her Maid's Hands, with Orders to deliver it to her Mistress when alone.

L E T T E R I.

Madam,

TH O' I find my Heart inclin'd to obey you in every Thing; as you have not commanded me to be silent, I hope I shall be so far indulged as to be permitted to tell the Story of my Miseries, without offending.

I confess, I merit the Fate you have pronounced, and am content to suffer any Punishment you are pleased to inflict; but the confessing our Crimes, is a Liberty with which even Criminals are indulged: Therefore if my Doom is inevitable, I have nothing now to dread. ——— I may boldly declare that I love you: Yes, and that I love you against my Will, my Reason, and all the Resolutions I can summon to my Aid against it.

I know you are married, and was always inclin'd to wish the Man, who is in the happy Possession of you, well: ——— But the second Visit I made you soon rid my Mind of every other Passion, ——— I have neither Love, Friendship, or Esteem, but what is all sum'd up together in the most violent Passion for you.

This is my wretched Condition; ——— therefore to what Degree of Misery you chuse

chuse to doom me, depends absolutely upon you.

The Friendship and Honour you talk of, are the mere Phantoms of a Mind at Ease: Feel but a Moment's raging Love, like mine, you will view Things in quite another Light.

Oh! dearest Madam, forgive me; I love you, and am distracted; but you need be in no Apprehension: Tho' the cruel Effects of my Passion should destroy me, you shall never see any Sign of it, but what shall be attended with the greatest Respect and Adoration. My Eyes may tell you many a melancholly Tale; but my Tongue, or any of my Actions, shall never offend you: I ask nothing but that you will give me leave to love you, which, in other Words, is to say, suffer me to be wretched. In fine, be that as it will, my Doom is fixed: I must be unalterably your's.

P. S.

Friday Morning, 2 o'Clock.

[In two Days after she receiv'd the following: But it may be necessary to relieve the Readers, by assuring them, as near as he describes himself to Death and Madness, he still survives; tho' he pretends to have consum'd in the same Flame above five Years:]

In which Time he wrote our Apologif above four hundred, to the full as extraordinary.]

L E T T E R II.

YOUR Looks of Difapprobation, my adorable Woman, but too plainly unriddle the Meaning of your Heart; I fee I am undone,——you hate and deteft me for disturbing that Peace of Mind, you feem to be fo perfectly blefs'd with.—— Oh! wretched Being! ——damn'd Deftiny! ——why you need not, Madam, indeed you need not add any thing to my Torments! What have I to do with the damn'd Phantoms of Friendship and Honour? I love you——am hated——and am wretched?——Can the two Monfters you eternally fet before me, add another Sting to that? Oh! no; by Heavens I am mad.

Lend me, I befeech you, Madam, a little of your Prudence, that cruel Counfeller who fo aptly fuggelts to you thofe many weighty Reasons againft my Love. Oh! could we change Sides, and you fee, with my Eyes, your adorable Perfon, that heavenly blooming Face, —— that attracting Sweetnefs which attends your every Look! ——I fhall grow wild if I pretend to de-
fcribe

cribe you, ——— but the piercing Liveliness and Vivacity that is so natural to you, needs no Help to discern, ——— you can see, if you please, how wretched you make me; ——— and you may, if you will, shut your Eyes and give me Death.

P. S.

Sunday Night.

[He paid her several Visits between these artful, elaborate Pieces of his Wit and Gallantry; but, as she was generally in Company, he had no Opportunity for a further Explanation, and could only make Use of his Eyes, those faithful Windows, to shew her the tender Languishments of a Love-sick Heart: But having supp'd with her, and drank Champagne enough to elevate his Passion beyond the Bounds of Prudence, he wrote her, next Morning, the following Letter.]

L E T T E R III.

YOU may thank yourself, Madam, if Wine got the better of my Prudence: Do you think I am not sufficiently curs'd when I reflect, he steals, at Night, to those lovely Arms, *like a Thief, and robs me of my Life's only Jewel?* and all because the Priest has join'd your Hands; for you were

never, I am convinc'd, design'd by Heaven for him.

Cruel Woman! why was your Arm to be laid over his Shoulder? Am I not wretched enough when I reflect, he has a Right to be encircled there when he pleases? Damn'd Reflection!———Oh! for a Method to tear you eternally from him: 'tis in vain for you to prescribe Measures; my rebel Heart will no longer keep any: And the Friendship and Honour that you, like a kind Monitor, are always setting before me, are nothing but mere Phantoms; were they Ties of Blood, they could not now reclaim me. Oh! unjust Laws of Honour! *Is a Trick, devised only to preserve Names, and Estates,* to rob me of the Privilege of possessing the divine *Commy*? and to entail eternal Misery upon me? Indeed, my lovely Woman! it is all Chimaera, a Shadow, to frighten Fools; *these are Contracts we enter into for Convenience*; nothing can, or ought, to claim a Privilege to your Heart, under the dull Name of Husband! since it can be only merited by an eternal Adoration; and that is a Reward only I am born to pay.

P. S.

Thursday Night.

[It

[It were a Pity our Letter-writer had not such an Influence with the Legislature, as to get a Law passed to make these Sorts of Theft penal:——But when we consider the Violence of his Passion, it appears no longer extraordinary, that he calls a supposed Husband a Thief, when, in his Extacies, he treats Marriage by the Name of Trick; which the Roman Catholics hold to be one of the Seven Sacraments: But we believe him rather more sincere, when he talks of the Convenience of those Contracts.]

L E T T E R IV.

OH, cruel Woman! do you think I am so lukewarm a Lover as not to discern, by your Servant's Face, you were at Home, and expressly denied to me? Why am I kept from your Sight? Is it by your Command? If so, there is nothing left me but to die; if by your Husband's, I shall go another Way to Work; for I will not leave the World alone: If I do, it shall be because his Arm is the luckiest.

Tell me, thou fair Tormenter, is there no other Way you could devise to rack my Soul, but to rob me of that very scanty Pleasure of gazing at you? By Heaven I shall grow mad!——four tedious Days are passed since I saw those Eyes, upon whose

whose Sight I live ; and can you think, oh ! unreasonable Woman ! Absence is the Way to keep me within Bounds ? My Fears and Jealousies, are insupportable : And, oh ! consider to what Degree of Madness and Extravagance you may expose me, if I am bereaved of my Reason ! Come to the Opera this Evening, I conjure you ; but be so placed that I may approach you, or I am undone : For I shall commit some fatal Act of damned Extravagance that may ruin both of us.

Since it is fixed I am to love you eternally, *lend me at least an Ear* ; it will be some Consolation to have the Liberty to plead a little for my self, that I may have the Comfort of knowing it is not my Fault I am the wretched

P. S.

Saturday Morning.

[The Menace of Murder we make no doubt had it's due Influence upon the tender Mind of our good-natured Apologist ; and it is pretty plain our Tartufe followed, as closely as it was possible, the Rule of the first Tempter, by being so assiduous to borrow the Lady's Ear.]

L E T.

L E T T E R V.

O H! my adorable Woman! how plainly do I see your Power; despised, hated, or pitied, I am still the same; that Sigh of Pity that stole from your Heart last Night, has set me all on Fire; you remember my Suit; as you ride out every Morning, it will be easy for you to indulge me; I will be at the * Lodge to wait your coming, and you need be in no Apprehensions, for your Servants shall not know I am in the House; I beg but for one half Hour, my Soul's Delight!

You may perhaps deny me, from your Fears; but, oh! do not, I conjure you! tho' the very Thoughts of such a Moment gives me Extacy scarce to be endured, you shall command me even there; oh! no! by Heavens, and all my Hopes of Happiness hereafter, I will not look without your Permission: Give me but a patient Hearing, and let me have the Transport of breathing my Soul out at your Feet.

To-morrow then let it be; oh! delay it no longer; my Soul is sick with impatient Desire; you shall secure me, by any
Imprecations

* The Lodge in *Hyde Park*.

Imprecations you please to tie me up with:
I move, or have a Being; live, or die;
am happy, or wretched; as you are pleas-
ed to command

P. S.

Sunday Morning.

[*One would really believe this Man in-
tended to keep his Word.*]

LETTER VI.

Madam,

TILL your dear Letter was brought
me this Morning, I did not know
to what Extremes Pleasure could intoxicate:—Before I had Power to break the
Seal, my Joys and Fears had almost bereft me of my Senses: My whole Frame
was so agitated, *that, in one Moment, I was
in a Fever, and the next an Ague.*

Thus, overwhelmed, I continued for
some Time, before the Power of Sight, or
Speech, returned; and even now, that the
Measure of my Bliss is full; that my ador-
able Woman has consented to indulge me
with the promised Meeting; my Joys and
Fears are so blended with Confusion and
Love, it has deprived me of all my ra-
tional Faculties; my Transports, at the
Thoughts of seeing you so soon, at once
robs

robs me of all Power to acknowledge your Goodness.

Be assured, however, that notwithstanding the Violence of my Passion, I come resolved to obey you, be your Commands ever so rigid: — And tho' it is the first Time I ever had the Happiness of meeting you, as a Lover, I here vow in the Face of Heaven, I will not abuse the Confidence you repose in me: You shall prescribe the Rules you will be adored by, and permit or restrain, as you are pleased to dictate, the transported

P. S.

Monday Night.

[Our Readers will the less wonder at this Man's quick Transition from the Torrid Zone to the Frigid, — when they understand it was a constitutional Quickness. The next Figure we shall present you, of his extraordinary Alacrity, will be his sinking into a perfect State of Indifference.]

The foregoing Letters, we believe, are sufficient to convince our Readers, this artful Projector let slip no Advantage for want of Assiduity; for tho' this epistolary Correspondence was every Day carried on, there was scarce one but he contrived some Means of seeing her, if not at her own House, at some public Place; yet she received

ceived several other Letters even during that small Interval of Time he was from her: But to be as little tiresome to our Readers as possible, we shall only pick out a few that are necessary to the carrying on of the Story, from out of the Numbers that are still in her Possession.

The Regard she professes to have once had for that Gentleman, makes it the less surprising that she has so artfully preserved these *tender Memento's* of his *sincere Affection*: Indeed, comparing them with his subsequent Conduct, unless it were possible for her to live her Time over again, they are of little other Use than that, by reading them at Times, she has found out, even before her absolute Decline, a Truth that we are sometimes a whole Life in Search of, *i. e.* that to our own Imprudence and Credulity, and the Indulgence of our Passions, we are indebted for all the Miseries that befall us: Tho' we partially impute them to this—or that—or any but the real—Cause; for so strongly is Self-love implanted in our Nature, we willingly lay the Fault any where, rather than make ourselves accessory to our own Mistakes.

And had not our Apologist been one of these very frail Examples of Vanity, and Credulity, he himself gave her a Clue, which,

which, if followed with common Prudence, would have guided her thro' the intricate Labyrinth of all his Artifice; which was his telling her, that, in the Midst of the Ruin he had brought upon the unhappy *Delia*, he refused to marry her: For let a Man's Circumstances have been what they would, when he had made it his Choice to dishonour her, he had none left but to make her his Wife.

But we suppose our Apologist was one of those fine Ladies who thought her Beauty could work Miracles; reasoning with herself in the true female Stile; Why, tho' *Delia's* Charms had not the Power to make this Man honest, my superior Merit, says she, (possibly at that Time looking in her Glass) will, no doubt, make him a perfect Convert. We will shew the World then, continues she, our Beauty can make *Tartufe* an *Anthony*.

Had not this been the Case, was not such a Confession of his enough to warn any Woman of her approaching Fate?—Strange Infatuation! that it should be possible for a Woman to be pleased with one, who, by way of ingratiating himself in her Esteem, had the Impudence and Folly to boast of the Favours he had received from another, and the ungrateful Return he had made to them: And this is a Sacrifice

face they every Day make, to obtain and oblige a new Mistress. — Yet, oh! ye unhappy Fair! you are so blind as not to discern he is at that very Moment giving you the Picture of what will one Day (if ye believe and trust him) be your Fate.

We hope our Readers will pardon our *Digressions*; this *Narrative* furnishes so many of these moral Truths, it is impossible to avoid, at Times, easing our Minds: — But to return to our Story.

The Purport of the last Letter was an *Assignment*, which was on both Sides, punctually observed: But here I must confess myself at a Loss. — I undertook to write Mrs. *Muilman's* Apology, expecting nothing to set forth but a simple Narrative of Facts, mostly *Litigations*, (and my Readers will see I am but indifferently qualified for that) but I must confess I am quite unskilled in the Art of *romantic* Description, such as we presume would be necessary to adorn the first Meeting of two Lovers; — therefore we beg Leave to submit that Part to the Imagination of the Reader, a Particular we *conceive* much better fancied than described, and let it suffice to inform them, their Meetings, in this Place, * were frequent; 'till at last,
Mr.

* The Lodge in *Hyde Park*.

Mr. B ——— began to think her Airings in a Morning, and even in Weather that a warm Room would have been much more suitable to, had some hidden Cause, other than the Preservation of Health; and at length intimated to her, that he thought the Season of the Year so cold, it would be better for her to take the Air in the Chariot; but that would, by no Means, have answered her Ends: First, as she must have been frequently obliged to have taken Company with her, and also, if she went to the Lodge in a Chariot, it must of Necessity stand at the Door, — an Inconvenience: *there was a Remedy for when she was on Horseback, for it was easy to smuggle the Horses and Servants; but an Equipage was not quite so soon, nor in so small a Compass, secreted.*

And this Precaution proved necessary; for Mr. B ——— having one Day had the Curiosity to follow her, he was informed, at the Park Gate, that she rode towards the Lodge; where he went, and, so strongly he suspected her being there, he stayed above six Hours in the House; during which Time, the Lovers, Horses, and Servants, were forced to be locked up, and they were, for the future, under a Necessity of finding out another Place of Meeting: — For *Tartufe* was too violent
a Lover

a Lover to content himself with only visiting her, which he never failed *to do* once a Day at least, and generally either dined or supped with her.

The short Intervals that happened between his seeing her, he made supportable by Letters, wherein he vented his Love-sick Heart in Complaints for her Absence.

There was also about this Time some Disagreement between her and Mr. B—, which favoured the Lovers with frequent Opportunities of being together.

But at last, the prolific Effects of our Hero's Tendernefs began to make it's Appearance; and what was something unlucky, it happened at a Time, when, for some Months, she had had no Conversation with Mr. B—. And having mentioned her Suspicion to him of such a Thing, he wrote her the following Letter:

LET no Disquiets, my lovely Woman, rack your Mind, that Time is preparing to bring forth a tender Pledge of our Loves: Let the Thoughts of the transporting Moments of it's Formation banish from your Heart the Apprehensions of every unpleasing Circumstance that may happen: In my Arms you shall be safe from Harm.

Yours

You regret, my adorable Girl, that it should happen at a Time you have had no Conversation with your Husband:—Why that is my greatest Consolation: What ill Consequence can attend his knowing it, I would not rather hazard, than have the damned Reflection that he once possessed you? Persevere then, I conjure you; let him be banished for ever from your Thoughts, and Bed: ——— We will together beg, ——— be wretched, ——— or any thing, ——— be but only mine.

Your Man brought me, this Morning before I was up, your dear Letter with the *Inclosed*. *Oh! damned Fortune! that I should be so cursed, as to be obliged to receive Favours of this Kind from her, on whom I would bestow Millions, were it in my Power: ** And all the Arts you are so kind to make Use of to sweeten the Gifts, can never blot from my Remembrance, they are still given.

Oh, generous! lovely Woman! no Words can express your real Value,——I love you
to

* We beg our Readers will observe, that even Memory has a Date as well as Life; otherwise it is impossible our Apologist can write for Bread, *Tartufe* being at this Time worth above One Hundred Thousand Pounds. And we are authorised to assure our Readers, the Obligations there confessed amounted to some Hundreds.

to Adoration,---and am sick of Life but while I am in your Arms:---You have made me neglectful of every thing,---I live but while I see you:---But where am I going?---*Ob! Heavens! we shall both be damned!*---Thou dear, enchanting Girl, oh! give me back my Peace of Mind;---Fool that I am,---I have no Mind---but to love you---to all Eternity.

P. S.

Sunday Morning.

P. S. I will be at *Kensington* Gardens, as my Love desires; but have a Care,---will be with me.

Our Letter-writer seems to beg the Question---in the Words, *Where am I going?* Heaven send his following Suspicions may not be well grounded; for such Actions truly merit such Reward.

He obeyed, however, her (Mrs. *Mulman's*) Summons, and met her at *Kensington* Gardens; and after some Discourse upon the Subject-matter of the foregoing Letter, it was resolved between them, that she should go to *France*, to conceal from Mr. *B---* her Situation: And in order to bring him to consent to her going, her Lover put into her Head all the well-laid Projects he could think feasible; which she managed

managed so successfully, that at last Mr. B—— agreed to her going over.

When every thing was prepared for her Departure, by her Lover's Directions, she met him at his Perriwig-maker's in St. *Alban's Street*, which was their next Place of Affignation, after the Lodge in *Hyde Park* became suspected.

He was overjoyed to find she had brought this Affair about, and assured her, in the tenderest and most affectionate manner, he would follow her whenever she would permit him,---for our *Tartufe* made no Scruple to promise any thing that answered the present Purpose; as our Readers will plainly perceive in the following Part of this Narrative.

But to resume our Story: An Accident happened which, for that Time, put an End to their Fears and the intended Voyage to *France*. The Fatigue of riding a long Journey, and the very great Concern and Fright Mrs. *Muilman* was seized with, upon the Indisposition of her Father, had brought her own Life into great Danger.

But this Interruption only served to change their Commerce into something more of the matrimonial Cast: The *turbulent*, the *elaborate*, the *romantic* Style, now subsided; and dwindled into the becalmed, insipidly

insipidly civil, and intelligible: But whether her *Bed* or her *Board* might be his prevailing Passion, we shall not take upon us to determine; let it suffice, that the Assiduity of his Fondness appeared not to have the least Abatement. Seldom a Day passed but she had a Visit from him; tho' it may be well imagined, this Intercourse could not be continued without infinite Mortification to poor Mr. B——, who, it must be confess'd, had a very difficult Part to act, between his stifled Jealousy and his constant-Inconstancy. He was young, amorous, and one of those curious Gentlemen, who, in every new Woman, expected to find the Charms that could fix his Heart. Tho', by her Description, he was as unsuccessful as tho' he had been in Search of the Philosopher's Stone: And this constitutional Levity was so loosely governed, it never failed to come to her Ears; besides, his Excursions that Way were generally attended with *Consequences*, which brought along with them something stronger than *Suspicion*.

These smarting Proofs of his Infidelity not only lessened her Regard for him, but obliged her to lay an Embargo upon their amorous Commerce for some few Months following.

This

This favourable Interval she confesses, did not a little contribute to her unfortunate, and too hasty Intimacy with the now less terrible, and more tempting, *Tartufe*: And here it should seem as tho' Pride and Resentment had the greatest Part, at least in the Beginning of this Affair. But these are Passions of a dangerous Nature, where they do not fall under the Government of a Head more masculine, than at that Time we can imagine her's; therefore are their Consequences generally fatal.

The first Relief a *Woman of Spirit* is apt to fly to, upon her Husband or Lover's Infidelity, is to repay it in kind; and the Fair One so provoked, tho' by her natural Disposition scrupulously virtuous, frequently becomes an easy Conquest; where Neglect leaves open the Door, at which the new and watchful Lover has been long waiting for Admittance. *Hapless, undiscerning Sex!* 'tis yourselves you sacrifice in this mistaken Vengeance. Never hope to find in that perfidious Sex the Treasure you pine after, and when you resolve upon this sad Expedient, remember the Lover you are about to trust, may one Day become — a *Tartufe*.

But this will be a Caution of little Use, to those whose Resentments are animated by the *Sweetness* that sometimes attends the

Execution of their *Vengeance*; by which, however, we cannot help admitting, the ill-judging Part of that tender Sex are so blinded, and led away, that they triumph and exult in the most certain Step they can take towards their sure Destruction: *Fatal Folly!* How often does the dangerous Remedy prove worse than the Disease? For to hope that the Constancy of a new Lover is to heal the Infidelity of an old one, is but turning the Malady into a different Shape, and having a third Perjury to complain of: There is a Desire of Change implanted in their very Nature, which will at Times break forth: *For even Men have their unguarded Moments*; and the most beautiful Woman that ever was born, undergoes the same Fate with her to whom Nature has been less kind.

Indeed, these last have generally the Preference in Happiness; for, according to the Maxims of the incomparable *la Bruyere*, *Si une Laide se fait aimer, ce ne peut être qu'éperduement: Car il faut que ce soit ou par une étrange foiblesse de son amant, ou par de plus Secrets & de plus invincibles Charms que ceux de la Beauté.* Or (as we presume is the Meaning of the Author) if an indifferent Woman becomes beloved, it is, generally speaking, to the highest Degree; because the Passion which she inspires

pires either proceeds from the Weakness of the Lover, or from more invincible and lasting Attractions, than those of Beauty.

But, alas! Ladies! even you, whose spotless Virtues may not always prove your Security, when irritated by a matrimonial Falshood, remember, you will find there is less Repentance apt to follow the passive Pain, than generally attends an inconsiderate Resentment of the Injury: And tho' hard may be the Task to go thro' with, yet how easily is the Truth of it conceivable? Nature, 'tis true, may say, How much easier is it to admire Instruction, than to follow it? In vain would preaching Philosophers, or pathetic Poets, endeavour to charm you into milder Measures, unless they themselves could feel the Pain: For the Provocation, and Impatience, of such pungent Injuries, are insupportable.

But happy is she, on whom Heaven has bestowed this necessary Blessing of Patience! tho' to give those laudable Teachers their Due, our Apologist confesses, even in her lively Days of Liberty and Pleasure, with what conscious Emotion (at a Play) she has seen the meek and passive Virtue of a neglected Wife, triumph over the Trespass of a careless Husband; and, with inexpressible Pleasure, beheld the endearing Reward of his returning Tenderness.

But here perhaps we may seem to talk a little out of Character, tho' strictly following the Sentiments of our Apologist; that she thinks contrary to what she has practised, she consciously confesses: But will the Severity of what she has suffered for her Faults and Follies, recommend them to others? No surely! they must rather frighten the Innocent, by the Calamities which follow them, from any Levities that may subject them to such Scenes of Misery.

If therefore these serious Sentiments are just, shall they be less valuable, because they are those of a Woman who had not the Prudence to put them in Practice? Oh, no! remember, Fair Ones, 'tis *Experience, a sorely punished Experience*, that speaks to you; and however unfavourable an Opinion you may have of the Preacher, the Doctrine can do you no Harm, should your Virtue incline you to follow it.

Could she have overlooked the Rambles of Mr. B——, how much more to be commended had been her Conduct and Discretion? for at this Time, as she had all the Appearances of being his Wife, she ought, we confess, to have kept up to the Dignity of her Station, *by only scorning the Injuries she never deserved.* But so it will

will be, while *the Lords of the Creation* usurp the Power of making Laws to themselves. No Wonder, then, if Infidelity in the Men is softened into *Gallantry*; but in the Ladies, hardened into *Infamy*: And yet what mighty Advantage do these partial Tyrants reap by their vast Superiority? Have not they found that *Nature* has *balanced Accounts* with them? Pardon her, Ladies; if the Complaint be reasonable, it is just we make it. But to our Point.

Tho' our frail Sinner (as has been observed) fell a Victim to her own Revenge; and poor Mr. *B* ——— was as great a Sufferer from his equal Inconstancy; in which, alas! he found but little Relief: For as his Passion at home had taken too deep a Root to die away, it plainly appeared, that there he still doated to an unaccountable Folly! a Weakness, Rovers of that unsatisfied Sex cannot always get rid of; and of this immoveable Attachment, his frequent Anxieties at the too visible Preference given to his Rival, was an evident Proof; and such were the Perplexities, in which the Passions of these Rivals sometimes involved her, she found it something difficult to suppress their Resentment. Mr. *B.* was kept silent from a Consciousness of the Provocation he had given her; and as violent a Lover as *Tartufe* pretended to be, there

were some Measures absolutely necessary to be preserved, which might conceal as far as possible his Intentions from a Gentleman, who, under the Character of a Husband, would certainly not chuse to sit down quite so calmly under any apparent Marks of their intimate Familiarity. Therefore, this Intercourse was to be kept up with infinite Management; for as his Jealousy had as yet no Proofs that could justify a Rupture, these two *fashionable Friends* carried on the *Masquerade of Friendship* in this Manner, for the first two Years of her Acquaintance with the *generous Tartufe*; and as this was the Time when Mrs. Muilman's *Extravagance and Prodigality of Expence* were, with Reason, so much talked of, it seems to be the *proper Place to account for them*.

To vindicate herself, she pretends not; and, indeed, to throw away the Favours of her Fortune so lavishly away upon a *mean-souled, false, fawning, ungrateful* Object, does, when we put the best Face we are able upon it, but heighten the Guilt, and almost justifies the Punishment that followed it: But, alas! had not her Life been one continued Round of Weakness, Vanity and Imprudence, how could it stand in Need of this Apology? Though if a Conscience of her Faults, attended with the
sincerest

sincerest Regret, can make any Attone-
ment for the Scandal her passed Life has
given the World, in some Parts of it, her
Offences will go to the Grave before her;
and if speaking Truth, tho' against herself,
can give her any Title to Compassion, take
it freely, generous Reader; as Facts, and
too frequently repeated Follies, exact it
from her.

Consider her then, by the Mismanage-
ment and Indulgence of her reputed Hus-
band, now become almost absolute Mis-
tress of her own Will: The Gentleman
she lived with, so confident of her Esteem
and high Sentiments of Honour, at first
introduced his Friend *Tartufe*, not only to
be a Witness of his Happiness, but, in his
Absence, to be a Relief to that indolent Sa-
tiety which he sometimes wanted fresh Ob-
jects abroad to awaken.

Thus the Man she liked, in this easy Si-
tuation, was continually gaining Ground,
as the other gradually lost it; and when
Negligence and Assiduity become Rivals, it
will be no hard Matter to guess which is
like to be the Favourite.

Tartufe had been too long accustomed
to this artful Game, to let slip so favoura-
ble an Advantage; besides this, he had
the *Art of disclosing his Mind* in all the
warm *Appearances* of a cordial Passion;

and knew how to dress up his most violent Desires in gentle, innocent, and affectionate Cloathing. The *grosser Appetites* (would he sometimes say) are only fitted to the *Brute* or *Blockhead*;—but the generously endearing and constant are Passions for the *sublimar Soul*.

These heroic Sentiments are Baits too tempting for a Female Taste, that knows how to relish them, to fail of their intended Impression. She glowed with Emulation to out-do and to deserve them; and in this fatally romantic Turn of Mind, no Wonder all the Fortune she could bestow, was thought too little to engage and gratify a Lover so deserving; nor was she less incited to this *unlimited Bounty* by the *narrow Pittance of his own Income*; which, he assured her, *was then but an Allowance* (during Pleasure) *of one hundred Pounds aunnually, the Benevolence of a Nobleman*, since deceased, whose Memory cannot be too respectfully spoken of; and therefore that Respect conceals him: Otherwise, the profoundest Gratitude that any Creature can be sensible of, would prompt her to acknowledge the Favours she herself had received from that Quarter.

In what *costly Gifts, and fashicnable Presents*, this vain Votary had dressed up her Idol, has partly been already mentioned;

to

to which we shall only add a *small Article*, almost daily, (for near two Years) an *Expence* of the most elegant Meals, that *Rarities* of all Kinds, or the richest Wines could compose for his *Entertainment*; which, we believe, will be considered as no trifling *Object*; at the End of which she went to *Flanders*; but, at her Return, with their Acquaintance the *Expence* was renewed.

And now, candid Reader, let us sum up this Account of Debtor and Creditor, and see how far *the trading Tartufe* has ballanced it; for she has confessed, that *all he has had from her, she gave him*; yet, generous Minds always think themselves in Debt for Obligations, especially *pecuniary* ones: 'Tis true, they do so; but what is this to our *Tartufe*? How is he affected by it? For will he not say, if a *silly Woman* sets a Price upon what she has given away, let her pay herself. And that this is his *Way of Thinking*, is very apparent; for, some Years after, in the Decline of her Fortune, when she was an Inhabitant in the Liberties of the *King's-Bench*, and wanted almost the *Necessaries of Life*, this very Man, — this selfish — knowing Worldling, — this generous, — honest *Tartufe*, then rolling in five Times the Money she was ever Mistress of; he, I say, notwithstanding he knew,

at the Time her Infatuation had vested him with the Possession of her Person, Mind, and Fortune, she had madly preferred him to some almost incredible Offers, and such as might have tempted a Woman of more extravagant Ambition than even her's:— This very *Tartufe*, we say again, he, who had been once so fed, and so beloved, with all these Considerations before his Eyes, stood like a *Rock impenetrable to her Cries, — Complaints, her Wants, — and written Remonstrances, without yielding her the least Relief, Comfort, or Assistance! or even deigning, in Point of good Breeding, to answer her Letter.*

Whatever Punishment her Levity, with Regard to him, might have merited, could Heaven have made Choice of a *keener Hand to execute it!* Give him, if you can, a *Name*, good Reader; for he will wince at none that she can call him by! yet, even this *sordid Wretch* has his Admirers; Approvers, we hope, none: But where such an opulent Fortune happens to be amassed, whether by just, or unjust Means, the Man who possesses it will have superficial, fashionable Friends: Even Mr. *Henry Muilman* is sometimes invited to Dinner; and, so corrupt is the Age we live in, there are Men who pull off their Hats to him, without Blushing. But let these *Flatterers* endeavour

endeavour to gloss such Actions over as they will, their *Sneers* can never change the Nature of these galling Acts of *Ingratitude*, or mislead the Judgments of the *Humane*, the *Generous*, and the *Good*; who will ever explode such Baseness.

Our Readers now, probably, would be glad to know, whether the subtle *Tartufe* has not something to say, either by way of *Truth*, or *Subterfuge*, to disculpate his Character, and clear it from such Calumny; our Apologist therefore (who chuses to give the Devil his Due) will not conceal a Tittle of his Defence, as fast as it comes to her Knowledge: And as he wisely knows, were he to make a public Answer, it would be but stirring, as in the Proverb, to make it more offensive; she will indulge him with this cleaner Conveyance, of her own Narrative, and do it for him.

His Defence then is very concise, and to the Purpose, *viz.* "That all this *impudent Creature* has said of him, is *utterly false, and scandalous*; that tho' it is true, he had formerly wrote her a great Number of Letters, &c. yet those she has printed are all Forgeries." To this home Replication, our Apologist rejoins as followeth: "For so it happens, gentle Reader, that that scan-

dalous Creature has, actually and *bonâ fide*, still in her Hands the very numerical, individual Originals, still fair, undefiled and unaltered ; some of which, she has produced to such of his Friends who knew his Hand, and have called upon her (since the first Publication of the *Amours of Tartufe*) to see the Originals, upon his denying them : And tho' she may not chuse to indulge the Curiosity of every idle Inquirer, she would not scrup'e to satisfy, in the same manner, any Gentleman of Rank or Quality, whom she has the Honour to be known to : And she appeals to the Testimony of a noble Lord, an intimate Friend of his, if she did not offer to sup at his Lordship's House, and give *Tartufe* the Meeting there ; at the same Time to bring with her all his Letters, and, to his Face, verify every Word as herein before set forth.

But this Hero did not chuse to accept the Challenge ; and only bombards her from his Intrenchments : But as we set out, well knowing to what Disadvantages her injured Character might expose her, we have omitted to set forth strong Instances of Oppression, where only her Testimony could be referred to, and confined ourselves to such Facts, as we can well support by authentic

thentic Proofs ; for we arrogate to ourselves an inviolable Adherence to Truth.

Among an hundred Instances of the Goodness and Humanity of his Heart, his *paternal Tendernefs* ought not to be omitted. When our unhappy Apologist had the Misfortune to make him a Father, to shew his Sollicitude for the Infant's Welfare, he committed it *entirely* to the fond Mother's Care for the rest of it's unhappy Life, without deigning to see it above ten times, in upwards of Eleven Years ; about Eight of which, he was married to this *great Fortune* ; yet never offered to contribute one *Sixpence* toward it's *Food, Raiment, or Education* : Nor even when the Mother wrote to him, that it lay at the Extremity of Life, did he vouchsafe to send it a Physician, or, when dead, would he afford it a Coffin ; tho' he knew the Mother's Distress to be then so great, she had it not in her Power to pay the funeral Expences ; and continued so, 'till enabled by the Bounty of the Public in the Purchase of this Narrative : And the last *shocking* Act of *Cruelty*, that attended this unnatural Circumstance, was his refusing to be at the Expence of opening the Ground to cover it.

But to this Reproach again, we think it fair to give his full Justification ; *viz.* He
owned,

owned, upon hearing a Letter read, which was inserted in the latter Part of the *First Number* of the *Second Volume*, that a Child was born during his amorous Administration, and seven Months after she left Mr. B——, for her perceiving she was with Child, was one of her Inducements to part with him; but, says *Tartufe*, where a Woman is so free of her Favours, and had such Choice of Fathers, why should it be supposed that her among the many, should be the *nearest Relation* to it? Tho' even in this Case, it seems, the Law allows the Mother to be the Judge.

However, by his own shewing, we believe this will be admitted a Proof of her Folly, and honest Disinterestedness, rather than his *Innocence*: For out of the Numbers he is pleased to allow her, every one that remembers her Acquaintance will, we believe, readily admit *Tartufe* to be not only the *meanest among them, but the only Beggar*. Would it not then be strange she should single him out for the Father, who was the only one among the Herd by whom she could gain neither Honour nor Profit? 'Tis a Folly, our modern Ladies of Pleasure seldom (we believe) guilty of: But as the Truth of his Title to it, is written in her sorrowful Heart, what he says, makes, at present, but little Difference.

But

But to follow him thro' his Defence : He gives out, that their Intimacy did not continue much above twelve Months ; which, were it true, makes no Sort of Alteration in the Facts themselves ; save that instead of taking four Years to ruin her, he accomplished it in one : But, upon Recollection, there is a further Policy attends his Endeavours to shorten Time ; for, with that, the Expence would also be shortned : But the real Fact is this ; the Winter, two Years after her Acquaintance with Mr. B —, he introduced this hopeful Youth to her, one Night at the Masquerade ; in a few Days after, he paid them the first Visit ; and their Intimacy did not break off till above a Year after she left Mr. B —, and he (*Tartufe*) went to *Italy* with the Nobleman his Patron.

Now, whether the Distance of these two Periods does not include above three times the Term he allows their Commerce to have lasted, let his own Conscience cast up ; and because it will do him no Sort of Good, she consents to abide by his Calculation : Yet she upbraids him not with leaving her ; for, 'till within these four Years, her Fortune has never been upon the Decline ; and there was not the least Fear of her totally losing him, so long as her Purse was not yet quite exhausted : No, their

their final Separation proceeded from her having very oddly discovered an Amour; which, during all the whole Course of their Acquaintance, and at the very Time he was *dying for Love of our Apologist*, he had carried on with a very gay Lady of Quality, since deceased; otherwise, we should not mention it here: For tho' we have some Anecdotes in our Power, that came from his own Mouth, of Persons of the highest Rank, nothing can provoke us to make Mention of any thing that could give Pain to the Frail and Fair, who never injured her.

However, this Discovery was the first *Medicine* which cured her of her *Madness*, and brought her to a Resolution not to suffer this *cold Pye* to come up any more to her Table: but the Manner in which this Affair came to her Knowledge, we shall say more of in it's proper Place.

In the mean Time, we must beg Leave to recite a Conversation which she lately had at her own House; from whence it may be observed, what some of the declared and best Friends of our *Tartufe* have to say in his Behalf, when they are enough in Temper to enter into an amicable Expostulation with our Apologist, upon the Matter of his Defence.

When

When first then she declared her Intentions of complaining publicly of his ungenerous Behaviour, a certain noble Lord, who did her the Honour to accept of an Invitation with another Gentleman (a Neutral in the Quarrel) to sup with her, this Lord, who, from the Goodness of his own Heart, has been always a professed Admirer of our *Tartufe's* Sanctity, which he has the Art even to impose upon his Lordship, not for Want of the keenest Discernment, and good Understanding in that Nobleman; "But *Tartufe* (says he) has talked of his Religion so long, that to ease him and myself of further Trouble, and to shorten the Dispute, I have consented to believe him; and, when I am with him, to eat my *Poularde* of a *Maigre-Day* in a private Room:" For the Rule of *Tartufe's* Morality is, that it is the Scandal makes the Sin;—no Matter how much the all-seeing God is offended.

But when the Cause of *Tartufe* came further on the Carpet, this Nobleman, by Degrees, discovered, by what he said, that the chief End of his Visits were (whether by Commission or a voluntary good Office, she knows not) to dissuade her from making Mention in her History of this ingenious Adventurer, by signifying to her the absolute Disregard his Friend would pay
to

to any Attempts she might make to expose him. His Lordship hinted, that his Friend indeed, he believed, might be brought to make her some small Allowance, to pay her Pension in a Convent, if she would give up this Affair, and go immediately abroad ; but no more : Knowing well, that the Oeconomy of his Friend was too nicely regulated, to buy any Thing at too high a Price, tho' even his Reputation and Quiet were concerned in the Purchase ; which is the more amazing, considering his favourite Doctrine of endeavouring not to give public Scandal.

Indeed his Lordship did not scruple to admit, honest *Tartufe* had confessed to him, that during their Acquaintance he used to eat most expensive Dinners and Suppers with her, which, we presume, may be one of the Reasons he chuses to shorten the Time of their being together ; for such elegant Entertainments, every Day for Years, will require no inconsiderable Sum to pay for them ; and she believes no Man of Honour, wallowing in Plenty, would chuse to have a Bill of such a Nature standing out, when the poor Lady, who is the Creditor, is in such wretched Circumstances : But, continued his Lordship, *the other Favours you pretend to have bestowed upon him, he assures me was not of your own Money,*

Money, but from Sums he knew you received from ———. (One, whose Generosity obliges her not to name, especially as it cuts off no Part of her History.) To which she replied, (stung to the Soul with the Ingratitude and Meanness of the Defence) 'Tis true, my Lord; tho' I believe the Donor never imagined I would have made so senseless a Use of his Favours: But, alas! there is little Reason to think *Tartufe* will ever find himself in these disagreeable Circumstances, or Fear of his acting a Part so inconsistent with himself; his provident Avarice will always protect him from the Ingratitude of any Mortal he has to do with.

The other Things, of which she could not help complaining with some Bitterness, his Lordship answered the best way he could think of, in Mitigation. I do not see (said this noble Lord) you have more Reason to complain than any other Woman, who grants Favours to Men upon such Terms; we always leave a Woman, when we are tired of her. (*Too true, but stinging Reflection!*) I grant you, my Lord, replied she, we are generally so rewarded; but when that satiated Hour comes, may you not abandon us without adding, to that Unkindness, *Ingratitude* that comes very little short of Cruelty? To this his Lordship

ship did not chuse to reply, but parried the Blow by a fresh Question, *viz.* Pray, Madam, among your other Complaints, *do you pretend my Friend owes you any Thing?* No, my Lord, replied she, with a Heart bursting with Indignation, *he owes me nothing; all he has ever had of me, I gave him.* The Gentleman, who sat silently by all this while (starting at her Answer) very gravely said, Pray, does your Lordship think he is the less in her Debt for that Reply?

By this Sample, good Reader, you may guess at the whole of his Defence; and it is plain, by his Lordship's Behaviour, this is the Light in which he continually places her, and endeavours to make his Acquaintance look upon her, for presuming to complain of *this great Man, this Mouse of a Mountain.*

No Matter; we shall still proceed, even under all these Discouragements; she is quite indifferent which of his Partizans are offended; and, without Regard to Consequences, utterly disdains the good Opinion of any Man who continues to take his Part, after reading this Story. Had not Fortune put it so lavishly in his Power to be honest, his Baseness and Ingratitude could never have been so eminently known. She is as well pleased at the Height of his
Pride,

Pride, and Greatness of his Situation, as he can be ; it makes him the fitter Object for her Contempt : Tho' we must confess, the Woman presides a good deal here ; yet the Pleasure she takes in exposing this Mirror of Meanness, is a Consolation, we believe, a Diadem could not draw her from ; to strip his Splendor and Hypocrisy of their finest Ornaments, and shew him the poor little —— or Nothingness of himself, in her Opinion, *sets her Resentment as much above his Ingratitude*, as it lets him down below the meanest of Mortals.

Forgive us, Readers, we confess we have wandered strangely from the Thread of our Narrative ; but we hope for some little Allowance ; when such Wounds are probed, the Patient must feel ; and, where the Smart is so exquisite, without Ceremony complain. But to bring this Story to a Conclusion.

After passing two Years with him thus, she went to *Ghent* ; but as soon as she return'd, their Intimacy was again renew'd, and continued 'till her Separation with Mr. B—— happened, (which, to be as little tedious as possible, we refer our Readers to in Page 279, in the first Volume.) And when our Apologist put herself under the Protection of Sir H. P. the assiduous *Tartufe* still continued his Visits, as before,
with

with only this Difference: As he was not acquainted with Sir *H. P.* there was no Pretence for visiting her publicly; therefore, our Apologist was obliged to take Lodgings in *Poland Street*, where they used to meet privately, and lived in this Manner 'till his going to *Italy*.

By this, the Time of their Acquaintance may be easily ascertained: It first began the Winter before the late King died, which was the Beginning of the Year 1727; and continued, without a Day's Interruption, for near two Years; when she went into the Abby called the *Boyluck* at *Ghent* in *Flanders*, where she continued near fifteen Months.

Then it was that she received such Numbers of Letters from him; and Part of the Discontents mentioned between her and Mr. *B*——, which occasioned her taking that Resolution, was her being then so circumstanced, that Mr. *B*—— must have had apparent Reason to complain.

The Moment she returned, their Intimacy was again renewed, which was in 1730: The *May* following her Return to *England*, she parted with Mr. *B*——.

But to shew what Plagues and Vexations that infatuated Sex can go through, when the Passion of Love once gets the better, there

there never was such a Scene of Doubts, Fears and Miseries, as this poor Creature went thro' for honest *Tartufe*; and this, from first to last, for upwards of five Years; for the Infant, which lived, was not born 'till *November 1731*: And she avers, she is considerably above Six Thousand Pounds the poorer by *Tartufe's* Acquaintance; and is very certain, that, to this Hour, she had never been parted from Mr. *B* ———, but from her unhappy Engagement with him; the Man, who rolling in Plenty and Riches (how got, let his Saint-like Hypocrisy answer) has unregarded known her, within these four Years, to be almost in Want of even a necessary Meal!

We have one Instance more to mention of this Man's Humanity and Gratitude, before we take our Leave of this disagreeable Subject.

When our Apologist came from *France*, about four Years ago, and Mr. *Muilman* continued absolutely deaf to all her Sollicitations for Assistance, her Sister said to her, one Morning, " You have never asked any Favour of *Tartufe*, dear Sister; and surely, after the Friendships that I am a Witness he has received from you, he will be fond of such an Opportunity to shew his Gratitude and Readiness to serve you."

With

With great Unwillingness, she, at last, yielded to write to him ; and, after telling her unhappy Circumstances in the most moving Manner she was able, and her Intention of retiring to a Convent, entreated him to give her some Assistance: To which he returned her the following Answer:

MADAM,

I Received your Letter by the Penny-Post, and am a good deal surprized to hear you are in such Circumstances of Distress, which you may thank yourself for; for you have had Money enough, if you had made a right Use of it. You have a great many other Acquaintance as well as me, and I think you ought to send to them; for my Circumstances won't allow me to do much for you. I would advise you also to keep to your Resolution of going over to a Convent, and making your Peace with God. I will allow you ten Pounds yearly, which will make you easy, and is as much as I can afford. In three or four Days, I will send a Person to you with Money to relieve your present Wants, and bear your Expence over.

I can't imagine, after so many Years that our Acquaintance has ceased, why you should think of writing to me, who
you

you must know have no Fortune of my own : However, as an Act of Charity, and no otherwise, I will do for you what I have before promis'd, while I live : and I hope you will make so good an Use of it as to endeavour to make an Attonement to Heaven for your past Life ; and, wishing you well, am

Your humble Servant,

Feb. 7, 1745-6.

P—— S——.

Notwithstanding the senseless Stupidity of the Stile, she really expected nothing less than a Bank Bill of Five Hundred Pounds was to follow his Promise of *Money for her present Relief, &c.* But, after waiting three or four Days for the Accomplishment of this mighty Promise, at length a good Priest of his Acquaintance appeared; who, after giving her, by *Tartufe's* Direction, some very cordial Advice, told her, he would have her go immediately over to *Boulogn*, and put herself into a Convent.

The good Father also informed her, *Tartufe*, out of Charity, would allow her Ten Pounds a Year to pay her Pension (among the *School-Girls*) *for no Woman can be boarded at that Price.*

He farther added, that as he had been informed by *Tartufe* she was a tolerable

Needle-woman, she might work for the Nuns, and they would take her the cheaper; but withal again assured her, that this Generosity of *Tartufe* proceeded only from pure Charity, and from no carnal Desires he ever intended to gratify with her; for this poor innocent Man did not know, but that she might mistake this *extraordinary Act of Benevolence*, for a Design to make her a Kept-Mistress.

Mrs. *Muilman* heard him all this while with an Amazement that almost turned her into Stone; but she was at length enough awakened from this stupified State, to observe the good Gentleman putting his Hand in his Pocket, and pulling out a Paper, which, after many Unfoldings, at last appeared to contain *Four Guineas*, which he said *Tartufe* had sent her to bear her Expences over! Tho' he then knew the Passage between *France* and *England* was entirely stopt, and no other Way left open but thro' *Holland*, and in the most frugal Manner she could manage, about a Month before, it cost her to come from thence, in the same Manner over Land thro' *Holland*, and from *Dover* to *London*, above Forty Pounds; for the Reader will please to observe this was in the Middle of Winter, and the first Cost for a Passport, at the Secretary of State's Office, must have

have been upwards of Ten Pounds, and with the greatest Command of Money, it was at that Time a Journey that was attended with the utmost Difficulty.

The poor Priest put the Money down upon the Table; and turning to her, observing her leaning her Head upon her Hand, he said, I am afraid, Madam, you are indisposed; and, rising from his Seat, took his Leave, wishing her a good Journey.

Indeed, it was in vain for him to wait her Answer; she was all Amazement, the Power of Speech had left her; and as her Sister was that Afternoon from home, she never stir'd for upwards of two Hours from her Chair. What must have been her Reflections we leave to the Imagination of the humane Reader. Indeed, it is scarce possible to describe them; but her Sister's coming in, awakened her; to whom, when she had a little recovered herself, she related the Affair.

This Lady had been too near a Witness of her Sister's Behaviour to the *grateful Tartufe*, to hear, with Patience, that it was possible for any Creature to be void of Humanity to so infamous a Degree: But we shall not trouble our Readers with the natural Reflections that must

have pass'd between them on this Occasion.

This was the Ignominy the *generous Tartufe* thought proper to put upon her! — This the infamous Reward of her Tenderness and extravagant Bounty to this *Wretch!* — *Ten Pounds* a Year, was thought an ample Recompence for *Thousands* given to him! and *Four Guineas* was a lavish Present from a Lover who would have thought himself but meanly entertained with a Supper which had cost her so small a Sum! — It would have been kind in her *munificent* Benefactor, to have given her Instructions how she was to have employed the *Four Guineas* he so charitably sent her, so as to make it answer the End he proposed; for, unless our Apologist could have hired the Chariot of the Sun for that Price to convey her to *Boulogn*, she knows of no other Conveyance that could have answered; and even in that Case, *Phæbus* must have *smuggled* the Passage, and gone without a Passport. —

This, Readers! this is the Usage she complains of! — Reflect, we conjure you, for a Moment, and consider what you would say, were the Case your own.

Our Apologist gave him a fair Warning, and told him that she expected Restitution, and he knew what was to follow his unjust Refusal.

Refusal. With Shame she confesses, it was much against her Will she was drove to the disagreeable Extremity of exposing him. — But, as we have before hinted, it was her supposed Misery he put at Defiance, and may thank himself, if the Consequence hurts him. She is shipwrecked, and can sink no lower; but has a Soul that soars above his tinsel'd Greatness, attended with a Consolation he can never enjoy, *viz.* that of a quiet Mind; and to be Mistress of ten Times what he possesses, would not be that *very Tartufe*.

She admits the Reflection of such Treatment can be no grateful Remembrance to Mr. B——. But that Gentleman, she hopes, will pardon her, if she appeals to him for the Truth of every Word of this Transaction, so far as it was possible to come within his Knowledge; and sure she is, that the Heart-burnings and Uneasiness that *Tartufe's* first two Years Visits almost continually gave him, cannot be totally blotted from his Memory.

It remains now, that we inform our Readers of the Occasion of her and *Tartufe's* Separation; which was briefly this:

They parted with the utmost Friendship and Tenderneſs, when he set out for *Italy*. He assured her, the Moments would be Ages 'till his Return; and, to com-

fort her during his Absence, he should not fail to write by every Opportunity; in which he was really as good as his Word.

But about four Months after his Departure, one particular Letter came to her, by the Nobleman's Porter he was abroad with, under whose Cover they were always sent.

The honest Fellow, quite careful of the Trust reposed in him, came to her House in the Dusk of the Evening; and, pulling out several Letters together, he gave her, by Mistake, one which was intended for the Lady of Quality we have before made Mention of: And he immediately went to her, and delivered her that which was intended for our Apologist.

This Particular she came to the Knowledge of by the Means of Dr. *Burton*, who was in the Room when that Lady received it, and then attended her as a Physician.

It may be well imagined, her Surprise was as great as Mrs. *Muilman's*; but, we presume, the Doctor's own Curiosity prompted him to know, whether the Mistake was reciprocal; for he had been a Sort of Confident in that Affair, and at this Time attended Mrs. *Muilman*, who was then but in a very bad State of Health.

Health : Therefore, upon the first Mention of the Thing, the whole came out, and, considering *the Condition* she was in *altogether*, this Letter came at no unseasonable Time to bring her to her Senses.

She had frequently heard that such an Intrigue was carried on ; but the pious *Tartufe* swore so many Oaths, to convince her of the Falsity of such a Story, it was impossible not to believe him ; especially, as he pretended his Fear of Damnation to be so great, that in the midst of an amorous Moment, when it is almost out of Nature to believe the Transport would give Time for Reflection, he would frequently start, and cry out, *Ob ! Heavens ! my Girl, we shall both be damn'd* : Yet, good Saint, he at that very Time had no less than three or four such *Vehicles of Damnation* upon the Wheel, in which he trusted his poor Soul whenever he could find an Opportunity. Every Circumstance that she had, at Times, heard, crowded to her Thoughts ; and, as she found it no very difficult Matter to sift the poor Doctor out of all he knew, she traced the Affair from it's very Beginning : The Consequences, we believe, will be easily imagined ; which were, the amorous Film fell from her Eyes in a Moment, and she could plainly discern that the

fond, doting, and honest *Tartufe*, was no other than a damn'd, mercenary, designing Hypocrite.

Thus ended, on her Side, this famous Amour; tho' he had the Modesty to pretend, it continued some Years longer with him.

The Letter we have just mentioned, is still in her Hands; but, to disturb as little as possible the Ashes of the Dead, and for the Sake of those who are allied to the Lady, we forbear to insert it; not out of any Fear or Regard to this gigantic *Tartufe*, who makes to the full as romantic and ridiculous a Figure in that, as in any wrote to our Apologist; but in perfect Respect to that Lady's Husband's Family.

By public Rumour, he endeavours to intimidate her, as much as possible, with Menaces of a Prosecution: So true is the old Proverb, *That the Truth is not to be spoke at all Times*: And we are informed, he founds the Merits of his Cause upon the Clause, that declares Defamation, tho' ever so true in Fact, to come within the Doctrine of Libels: But some are of Opinion, the Law never meant, by that, to restrain Particulars from exposing, in Print, their private Injuries.

This

This, we presume, is a Rein, wisely kept in the Hands of the Legislature, only to curb and restrain the Wildness of the Discontented and Busy, from prying too closely into the Mysteries of State Politics, and, by forming erroneous Judgments upon Things improper for the public Perusal, endeavour to poison the Minds of the People, by false Invectives and abusive Essays.

How kindly are Discoveries always received by the Public, which tend to any general Benefit? and can there be a more salutary one than that of exposing such Crimes, which, tho' they do not come under the Punishment of the Laws, are in themselves of the blackest and most detestable Nature? The Authors of these Injuries are by this Means made notorious, and others, we hope, are warned and deterred by this Example: But to evince the Truth of our Assertion, that such a Restriction cannot be intended to bar the Door of Complaint against the Injured; and that the Laws are founded upon Justice and Reason; we are also informed, there is a little Wicket left open for the Relief of the Prosecuted; which permits them, in certain Instances, to justify, and give the Facts themselves for Evidence, in Mitigation of Damages: And we are told like-

wise, there is a Case upon Record, where a Man call'd another Highwayman, whom he had strong Reason to suspect had robb'd him: The Party was permitted to justify; and the Prosecutor was hang'd by the Evidence he gave. We are sorry we cannot promise the Public such another Example of Justice; but surely the Privilege of complaining, is the least *Pretium pudoris* our Apologist can be indulged with: And, to examine more particularly into *Tartufe's* Pretensions to Relief, pray, What Damage has he to complain of? Surely, at his Time of Life, he has done farming his Person out for the Use of the Fair; and it would not be quite so generous of him, were it otherwise, to give in Evidence, to enhance the Damages, the Loss of some great Lady's Favour.

But to be more serious upon this important Matter: Our Apologist looks with her usual Coldness upon this mighty Menace; tho', if *Tartufe* chuses to make their Amour a Matter of Litigation; she promises the Public to appear at the Bar, in Person, and plead her own Cause; and it is not impossible (with all due Reverence to that honourable Bench) but the Public may be, one Day, invited to such a Tragi-Comedy: And if it is our Apologist's Fate to under-

go Punishment for Truth's Sake, this is the Instance in which it will be most supportable. If there is such a Man born, who has the Impudence to declare himself *Tartufe*, whatever follows she will not repine at.

It seems, this Gentleman has always shewn a peculiar Inclination to Law-Disputes; and we have been informed, to keep himself in Practice, he undertook to manage a Cause for a great Lady, against her Daughter, who committed Matrimony without her Consent, which there was little or no Probability of her ever obtaining.

The great Lady herself, at above Seventy, having thought fit to espouse our Hero, it was afterwards found convenient to lock this poor young Creature up, and treat her as an *Ideot*.

It must be confess'd, this was no foolish Precaution; for the young Lady had something above Ten Thousand Pounds Fortune, and, by Mama's Example, might, without having any unreasonable Passion to gratify, have an Inclination to be married.

But this, by no Means, would have been agreeable; for tho' the great Lady had, in Real and Personal Estate, above One Hundred Thousand Pounds at her

own Disposal, that was not thought a Reward suitable to her young Husband's Merit.

This Munificence, we hope, is an Example that keeps our Apologist's Prodigality to the same Object, a little in Countenance: Therefore, by locking up *foolish* Miss from the World, there was Ten Thousand Pounds more for him to play with.

But would you believe it, Reader! this *supposed* Ideot had Wisdom enough to disappoint them both, and, without Leave, to chuse a Husband for herself; wherein no Sort of Folly appeared, save that the young Gentleman she married was not of Quality equal to hers: A Fault, if Mama would have reflected, the more pardonable, as done by her own Example.

But so little do we chuse to excuse in others what we are guilty of ourselves, we are told this *charitable*, this *generous* Manager persuaded the Lady to fling poor Miss's Fortune into the Court of Chancery, and there lock it up for several Years, to the great Detriment of the poor young Lady; and we need not here mention the Expence and Plague that must have attended the withdrawing it from thence; which, we are inform'd, she could never have done, but for the Assistance of a *great Personage* nearly allied to her.

But,

But, good Christian Reader, let us not put too uncharitable a Meaning upon this Matter ; because a Delay in a Law-Suit is not always a Proof of a Man's being loose in his Morals ; for our Apologist knows him to be such a strict Observer of the Tenets of the Catholic Church, she dares swear he would think himself damned, should the finest Fumet of a Partridge tempt him to taste it on a *Maigre-Day*. How severe then would be our Censure, if, upon so common a Mistake, we should cry out, with *Dryden* in his wicked Play : *O Religion and Roguery how they go together !*

Indeed, his Regard to that great Lady's Family has been equally exemplify'd to every Individual who was allied to her ; but this becomes a Matter of less Surprise, when we call to Mind his Tenderneſs and Affection for her ; which was so great, he could not bear the Thought, that even her maternal Tenderneſs should rob him of the least Part of her Fondneſs : And truly, this was no bad Policy ; for had he suffered her to make that natural Disposition of her Affection, the Consequence might have been, that she would have followed the same Example in the Disposition of her Fortune, which would by no means have answered the avaritious *Tartufe's* Ends, in making such a disproportioned Alliance ;
dispro-

disproportioned as to Age, we mean; for the Inequality of every thing else was so much against him, it bears no Proportion: And, considering the great good Understanding of that Lady, we are sure no less than the artful Persuasions of such a Tempter, could have induced her to shut from her Remembrance and Fortune, one of the best of Daughters and her Children.

But there is, we confess, much to be said in her Favour: At Seventy-odd, as before-mentioned, she married; and, we are informed, became a Convert to the Church of *Rome*. Is it then to be wondered, if intoxicated between the two Passions, Dotage and Enthusiasm, (the Tempter always at her Elbow) she forgot all Ties of Blood and Affection for her Family, and thought of nothing but how she could, in the most ample Manner, reward *this Saint-like Husband*; who was so greatly concerned in the Welfare of her Body, and at the same Time took such Care of her Soul?

These are Incitements so prevailing with old Age, 'tis a thousand Pities there had not been a Restriction put to them at the Time of making the *Mortmain* Bill, by adding a Clause to prevent Ladies, when they come to a certain Age, from making such scandalous, iniquitous Donations, to the

the great Detriment, and sometimes Ruin, of their Families; and also to hinder the Profanation of the sacred Contract of Marriage; and, in Truth, oblige these too tender-hearted old Ladies, to employ their little Remainder of Time, to the Comfort of their Families, and a Preparation for the World to come.

But we cannot pass this Circumstance over, without pulling off some of the Disguises with which this artful Projector has concealed and ornamented his Actions; and to convince our Readers the Picture we have given of his Soul, has as strong a Resemblance as that of his delicate Person, let us examine to what End he went thro' such mean, painful Drudgery.

This Man has no one unprovided-for Relation upon Earth; has no Family; nor do we find he has made any Use that is praise-worthy of all the Treasure he has amassed together; unless the building a fine House, and laying out a Garden, can be called so; which, we are informed, he has the Churlishness even to deny Ladies of the first Rank, who put themselves to the Trouble of going on Purpose, the Sight of: So seldom does a Man, who was not born to it, know how to make Use of an affluent Fortune!

Well,

Well, however, it must be admitted, his Vanity is so far humoured, *he says his Prayers in State*; and is now and then complimented for his *Magnificence* and *Court-like Behaviour*; which is still in Character, the true *Tartufe Humility*.

How dear might a generous, disinterested Behaviour have rendered him to the World in general, and to that great Lady's Family in particular, had he accepted of a Moiety of her vast Fortune, and, as in Conscience and Honour obliged, have persuaded her to dispose of the rest to her Children, Grand-Children, and nearest Relations; who tho' we admit may not want it, would no doubt have been pleased to be remembered by one so near and dear to them, and whom the Laws of God and Society ought to oblige to make such a Distribution: But no! his Point was Riches; no Matter how obtained; confiding in the worldly Maxim, *The Great can never be in the Wrong*. Foolish *Tartufe*! 'tis a Man's Actions, not his Wealth, that makes him esteemed.

However Time performs Wonders, and who knows but this Admonition may work upon his callous Heart? Tho' he has denied to make our Apologist Restitution, it is not too late to do it to that Lady's Family.

We

We shall, for the present, take our Leave of the *generous Tartufe*; but can further assure our Readers, we have still a *Corps de Reserve*; which, if we find ourselves attacked, tho' ever so privately, we will produce to our further Assistance.

But, before we do this, as we talked some Time ago of summing up Accounts, by way of Debtor and Creditor, between these Lovers; we take this to be the proper Place: And as, in the History of this extraordinary Amour, frequent Mention has been made of our Apologist's expensive Prodigality towards her Lover; the Reader will be apt to conclude, that so high-bred a Gentleman would never suffer a Lady to have any Advantage over him, in the pecuniary Pledges of their Passion; and will, consequently, accuse us of Partiality in not acquainting them with the generous Returns he must certainly have made for any Favours of this Sort. It may not be improper, therefore, to state the Account between her *Folly* and his *Gratitude*; and tho' this may evidently discover how imprudent a Dealer she was in Love-Traffic, yet it must, at the same Time, prove *Tartufe* a Bankrupt, by his being either unable or unwilling, during all this Time, to discharge the Ballance.

Mrs.

(186)

Mrs. MUILMAN'S Folly.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To Hush-Money to her Ser-	50	00	0
vants, to prevent Letters			
and Meetings coming to the			
Knowledge of Mr. B——.			
To a Pocket-Book mounted	8	08	0
with Gold,			
To a Gold Snuff-Box, with a	45	00	0
Picture by <i>Zinkes</i> ,			
To a single Stone Brilliant	90	00	0
Ring,			
To a Ruby and Diamond Ring,	18	18	0
To a Pair of Rose Diamond	24	00	0
Sleeve Buttons,			
To a Seal set with Diamonds,	10	10	0
To a Tortoise-shell Snuff-Box	5	10	0
set in Gold,			
To 12 fine Holland Shirts	121	00	0
trimm'd with Lace,			
To 12 <i>ditto</i> plain	24	00	0
To two Dozen of Cambric	10	10	0
Handkerchiefs,			
To 12 Pair of fine Thread	12	00	0
Stockings,			
To Gold Brocade,	12	00	0
To <i>ditto</i> ,	16	00	0
To Gold Lace, at fundry times,	50	00	0

Carried over 497 16 0

TARTUFFE'S Gratitude.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To a <i>French</i> Tippet ———	00	06	0
To a Silk Purse ———	00	05	0
To a <i>Bouquet</i> of <i>French</i> Flowers	01	00	0
To a fine <i>Indian</i> Fan ———	00	07	6
To an Amber Shuttle, to knot with	02	02	0
To sundry Baskets of Fruit	02	00	0
To a Smelling-Bottle, fill'd with <i>Godfrey's</i> finest Salts,	00	01	6
To a Set of <i>French</i> Ribbons, on her Birth-Day,	00	05	0
To a Pair of <i>French</i> Garters	00	10	6
To a Lock of his Hair —	00	00	0 $\frac{1}{4}$
To his Loss of Time, to sit for his Picture,	00	00	0
To a Set of <i>French</i> Box Combs	01	01	0
To a Picture of his delicate Person, formerly the Pro- perty of the unhappy <i>Delia</i> ,	05	05	0
To a Needle-Case, curiously wrought,	00	05	0
To a Pair of <i>French</i> Slippers	00	10	6

Carried over 13 19 0 $\frac{1}{4}$

(188)

Mrs. MUILMAN's Folly.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Brought over	497	16	0
To a Locket set round with Diamonds, with her Hair under it, at his Request, to wear next his Heart,	15	15	0
To a Diamond Buckle for Shirt Bosom	12	12	0
To Expences in sundry Par- ties of Pleasure,	100	00	0
To Masquerades, Plays, Ope- ras, and other Places of Meeting,	200	00	0
To Expences in private Meet- ings,	300	00	0
To Dinners and Suppers, every Day for two Years, compos'd of elegant, and the most expensive Rarities in the Season, with the finest Wines, Deserts, &c.	1000	00	0
To a Journey to <i>Flanders</i> , and 15 Months living there, at his Instance and Request,	1400	00	0
To Maintenance of the Child eleven Years,	300	00	0
To funeral Expences of the Child,	16	16	0

Carried over 2842 19 0

(189)

TARTUFE's Gratitude.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Brought over	13	19	0 $\frac{1}{4}$
To fundry Bottles of } <i>Eau Admirable</i> }		01	01 0
To a fine Feather'd Muff } and Tippet }		05	05 0
To the Nurse, when he } saw the Child, }		00	10 6
To Cash, by the Hands of the good Father, in order to relieve her present Neceffi- } ties, and defray the } Expence of her Jour- } ney to <i>France</i> }		04	04 0

As the additional Sale of
our Work, proceeding
from the Exhibition of
so extraordinary a Cha-
racter has afforded some

Carried over 24 19 6 $\frac{1}{4}$

(190)

Mrs. MULLMAN'S Folly.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Brought over	28	42	19 0
To his own Picture, by Zinkes,		31	10 0
To Cash, advanced at several times, for se- cret Services,		2000	00 0

4874 09 0

Our Apologist is so happy as to have preserved Receipts for all the *Items* above, except the last.

There is one Article remaining, which our Apologist would have avoided setting any Value upon; but since the generous *Tartufe* has thought proper to do it for her, as *per Letter* the 7th in the 3d N°. of the 2d Vol. we presume to rate it at his own Estimation, *viz.*

Lodging, some

1000000 00 0

1004874 09 0

(191)

TARTUFE's Gratitude.

l. s. d.

Brought over 24 19 6 $\frac{1}{4}$

Advantage, I think we
may rate

The exposing *Tartufe* at

200 00 0

But whether this can
properly be ranked un-
der the Head of his
Gratitude, admits of
Dispute.

224 19 6 $\frac{1}{4}$

Ballance due to *Folly*

1004649 09 5 $\frac{3}{4}$


1004874 09 0

In this Estimate we have taken the Li-
berty to copy a modern Author, for whom
we have the highest Honour.

TO



TO THE
R E A D E R

 *W* H E N we took our Leave of
TARTUFE, we really thought
a Consciousness of the Reserve
still in our Power would have
kept that modest Gentleman si-
lent, as he could not but be sensible, but
mercifully we had gloss'd over some private
Anecdotes that make a material Part of his
Story: But as no Chastisement can ever re-
form a thorough bad Man, neither can any
Shame that does not amount to the most bare-
faced Roguery detected—put a thorough-paced
Hypocrite out of Countenance; would our
Readers believe, that this Man would have
the Assurance to continue denying Facts, so
authenticated as those we have advanced?—
But

TO the READER.

But so it is. ——— And now the Cobweb Artifice of denying his Letters, &c. is absolutely proved to be untrue, to several Persons of the highest Rank in this Kingdom, which was his Sheet-Anchor, and he has been obliged, as the Sailors say, to cut and run: the only Prospect he has to keep a Wreck from foundering, is to run her into the Creek of a Marroon Island; wretched Alternative! that, to save himself from sinking, he must run the Risk of being starved.

But as we have promised our Readers not to conceal a Tittle of his Defence, whenever it comes to our Knowledge, this then is the Substance of it, by which he pretends to falsify, antedate, or quibble away the Nature and Truth of the Facts already set forth: And thus it runs.

You see, Gentlemen, what a vile Woman this is! and how little Credit is to be given to any Thing she asserts: She has told the World, I am the Son of a Baronet; whereas every Body knows, my Father was a Knight-Banneret. There is one palpable Falshood.

She farther says, that Tartufe, with his young Hypocrisy, imposed upon his truly pious Mama, &c. Now, Gentlemen, you all know that my Mother died before I was two Years of Age; therefore these are Falshoods to your own Knowledge.

TO THE READER.

To these our Apologist answers, and humbly acknowledges her Error; but says, that her Mistake proceeded from his Father's having immediately after the Death of his Mother married; and Mrs. Muilman never having heard Tartufe distinguish her by the Title of Mother-in-Law: And indeed, by all Accounts, her maternal Fondness for the Children of the first Marriage, made it not perceivable.

To the other, As she had always heard his Father distinguished by the Title of Sir, she did not know that it was Banneret, and not Baronet: But we still aver, that every Fact relating to his personal Conduct is true, tho' we may have erred in some other Points, which in themselves are quite immaterial.

But there is one particular, we think ourselves indispensibly bound to set our Readers right in, viz. the Story of the poor unhappy Delia: This, the generous Tartufe imagines he has entirely evaded, by appealing to those within the Circle of his Acquaintance, who were acquainted with the ill-fated Fair, whose melancholly End we have lately described; that the Oxfordshire Delia never was a Maid of Honour, or ever at Lorrain in her Life.

This positive Assertion a good deal stagger'd our Apologist, who, tho' she had every
Word

TO the READER.

Word of this from his own Mouth, yet if by any Means it should come to her Knowledge that she has either misrepresented, or unjustly set forth, any Fact, she will, with the utmost Pleasure, when better informed, rectify the Mistakes, and, in Consequence of this Desire of doing Justice, she has taken the utmost Pains, since this Report came to her Ear, to inform herself better, &c. Very fortunately for her, having had the Honour of a Visit from some Gentleman of very high Rank, whose chief Curiosity, we imagine, was to see his Letters, who were all his intimate Acquaintance, upon talking this Affair over, they have, in the best Manner in their Power, set us right. By their Account, our Error proceeded only from his blending two Stories together, to disguise the Truth from our Apologist, who, had she known both Stories, might possibly have thought him rather too fickle a Lover.

Therefore, Readers, you will henceforward please to observe, there were two Delias instead of one; the Scene in Lorrain happen'd with a young Lady of Condition, of Ireland, who was then a Maid of Honour, and is still alive; and this Part of the Story is attended with some inhuman, dishonourable Circumstances: But, as that Lady still lives, we hope our Readers will, for the present, excuse our entering into farther Particulars.----

TO the READER

The Scene in England, we believe, wants no Sort of Variation, but such as would rather aggravate; and that is no Part of our Intention.

Glorious Vindication! that in disculpating his Character from one Crime, plunges himself into two, equally detestable and dishonourable! tho' it is certain, he very undesignedly pays our Apologist a high Compliment; for if he will in Earnest maintain, that the Delia is an Infant of her own Brain, she ought readily to forgive the Aspersions upon her Veracity, for the Encomium he pays her Invention.

But we hope our Readers will attribute no Part of these Mistakes to her; for the Story, without any Addition of her's, came positively from his own Mouth: Therefore, if any Part of it is misrepresented, we hope they will impute it to the dishonest Tartuffe, who misled us.

But as his Behaviour, instead of softening her Resentment, has aggravated his past monstrous Treatment of her, we are determined to throw off all Reserve, and once more introduce this extraordinary Personage to the World; and, we believe, our Corps de Reserve will finish his Character to our Reader's Satisfaction.

Our Apologist's cautious Respect for some who are nearly allied to him, inclined her, if possible

To the READER.

possible; not to probe too deeply into Wounds, where there are Accessories she would gladly have left out: But his vain Boastings, and insolent Ingratitude, has brought us to a Resolution to give no Quarter; and those who are hurt by it, may thank him. She would gladly have drawn a Veil over some Transactions, not for his Sake, but for those, who having never injur'd her, she was inclin'd to favour.



HOW

TO THE PUBLIC

OW disagreeable soever these Appeals to the Public are to Mrs. *Muilman*, she is very unwillingly obliged, upon particular Occasions, to have Recourse to them.

When her Justification was attempted, our first setting out was not to vindicate the blameable Part of her Conduct: Quite otherwise; her Design was to humble herself in the most submissive Manner to the offended World.—But she did not mean, that this Contrition should extend to Offences she had never been guilty of: no; next to her Submissions for the justly disapproved Part of her Conduct, her principal End was to disculpate her Character from Crimes, which, had she been capable of, it would have been the Height of Assurance and Folly, for her to think of covering under the specious Title of *Apolo-*
logy. How far she has succeeded in this, we submit to her Readers. Her last, and indeed not least, Proposal, was to relieve the Distresses of her Circumstances; which, she

she confesses, (with Thanks to the Public) has in some Measure answered her Expectation.

This Preamble will naturally lead our Readers, we imagine, into a Curiosity to be instantly satisfied, why it is made here, — which we will inform them in as few Words as possible.

Mrs. *Muilman*, who for these eighteen Months has never been six times out of her House; can know little of the public Opinion: But she has the Pleasure to experience, that her Appeal to the World has procured her many Friends; and some among them, who, led away by common Fame, were heretofore her most inveterate Enemies.

Of these last, there are some who have lately informed her with what Pleasure they have observed the Progress she has gradually made, in the good Opinion of the Public; and one in particular, a Person of Distinction, told her, he was present at the *Smyrna Coffee-house* in *Pallmall* when the 2d Number of the 2d Volume of her *Apology* was read aloud, to the Gentlemen then present; and, as he was pleased to say, with general Approbation: Save, that one particular Person, who pretended

tended to be her intimate Acquaintance; strove to lessen the little Merit the Gentlemen were pleased to think that Performance worthy of, and in order to destroy even the Credibility of the Facts advanced; began by assuring the Company, he knew Mrs. *Phillips* to be a most infamous Woman; that she had once endeavoured to cheat him of Fifty Pounds, &c. &c. and this is his Language not only at this Coffee-house; but all other Places he frequents.

Such is the uncharitable Character (to call it no worse) he takes the Liberty to give her, — at a Time she stands trembling before the Tribunal of the Public, — expecting, as the greatest future Good, their Approbation; — or, the worst of Evils, their Censure.

The Humane and Good-natured, we are certain, will allow there is some Cruelty, with how much Truth soever it might be told, in endeavouring to hurt this poor Woman in the Opinion of the Public, at a Time we believe, at least, Part of her Intention will be admitted to be laudable.

What then will be the Opinion of our Readers, if, upon stating the Case fairly before them, with every Circumstance attending it, we should turn the Tables, and
prove

prove that this very insinuated Fraud, aggravated with the blackest Instances of Ingratitude, was really imposed upon Mrs. *Muilman* by the very Man who endeavours to asperse her?

But as the only Excuse we can make for introducing such a Reptile to the Public, we thought it our Duty to premise to our Readers, our Reasons for so doing; and to convince them *this Buffoon* ought to be banished from human Society, we will take a Survey of *the pigmy Politician's Actions*, from his Beginning down to this present Day of his *LITTLE Greatness*.

We flatter ourselves the Public will thank him for the unjust Provocation he has given our Apologist; because she has it in her Power to exhibit *PUNCH* in his true Colours, without Mimicry—in real Life; and to give some great Personages, who have done this Man the Honour to countenance him, a Proof of the base Prophanation he has made of their Names and Characters, as well as certain Confidences which have been (we ask Pardon for the Freedom) very incautiously entrusted to him.

These, Readers, we promise shall accompany the Justification of her Character
to

to this Calumny, for to such public Wounds, we hope we shall be so far indulged as to be permitted to make a public Application:—Tho' we beg Leave to assure them, it shall be a *Recipe* composed of nothing but *Truth*;—and that no one of the *Esquire's Nostrums* shall be intermixed.



THE

THE
PROMISED JUSTIFICATION
IN THE
SECOND VOLUME
OF THE
APOLOGY



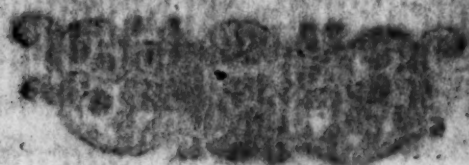
LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and

Sold at her House in *White-Hart-Street, Queen-Square,*
Westminster. M DCC L.

THE
PROMISED TESTIMONY
IN THE
SECOND VOLUME

OF THE
ANTHROPOLOGY
MUSEUM



LONDON
Printed by the Author, 1871
Sold at the British Museum, London

To the READER



TO THE

READER.

MRS. Muilman is in great Concern, her late Indisposition has obliged her to postpone so long the promised Vindication; but her Health has been so impaired, that, for many Days, her Life was despaired of. She is very sensible, the Subject-Matter of it is unentertaining; and a Performance that wants greatly of the Spirit and Amusement she will endeavour to give her Readers during the Course of her Narrative.

But

TO the READER.

But relative to the Complaint we made our Readers, we were obliged to clear that Matter up before we could with any Justice hope for their Favour and Protection: We are very sensible, under such an infamous Accusation, we were unworthy of either. If therefore, Readers, our injured Apologist, bursting with Indignation, pauses from her more entertaining Matter, to stifle a new engendered Calumny before it has been spread by the Mouths of Thousands, we hope to be excused. We can assure you this Spider's Nest, which we have now swept down, will be productive of some comic Scenes.

We have such another Battle to fight before long; but as the World produces nothing without it's Contrast, the next of that kind we shall present you, when we have taken Leave of this lowest of Men, in all Appearance, will be the highest of Ladies, &c. Don't be surpris'd, good Reader, we are entered the Lists; and if Ladies of high Rank attack us in a manner unbecoming their great Quality, (tho' we chuse to preserve the most profound Respect to the Ladies)

TO the READER.

Ladies) we are under a Necessity of vindicating ourselves. If these great Personages will condescend to put themselves upon a Level with us, they must expect to be treated as our Equals; and this must inevitably be the Consequence, whenever they fall so much below their own Characters, as to do the Innocent a Wrong.



THE



THE

Promised Justification, &c.

PURSUANT to our Promise to disculpate Mrs. *Mullman's* Character from the Calamny she is charged with, by the (nominal) *Esquire*, our Apologist is in the greatest Confusion, that the Necessity she is under of vindicating herself from such an Aspersion, forces her to drag before the Public an Object, whose original Meanness and Obscurity makes him so absolutely unworthy of their Attention, or her Resentment. But the Nature of the Crime, this Man has had the Dishonesty to charge her with in a public Manner, is in itself so atrocious and abominable, that could she be either proved, or with any Colour, suspected to have been guilty of it, so far from deserving the Compassion of the World,

World, it ought to be the Concern of every honest Reader to bring her to public Shame.

Our Apologist therefore hopes, that her setting this Canker-Worm in his true Light, will meet with Indulgence from her Readers; and first she says, that she never had any Acquaintance with him 'till about four Days before she went to *Jamaica* (1738) when he came with her Sister one Morning to her Lodgings in *Scotland-Yard*, and on her Return from *Jamaica*, being seized with a violent Cold and Hoarseness, and having been advised to be let Blood, she, at the Recommendation of her Sister, sent for him to her Lodgings in *Parwick-Court, Holborn*, to bleed her; for which, as she had no *English* Money, she gave him a Compliment of a Piece of *Spanish* Money called a *Double Doubloon*, of the Value of four Pistoles, to be preserved as a Pocket-Piece.

Such an extravagant Introduction, it may be believed, brought after it a particular Intimacy; and Mrs. *Muilman* being then in very good Circumstances, this Man thought it his Interest to pay a most extraordinary Court to her; and seldom a Day past but he was welcome to her Table; a Favour the Indigence he was then

then in, she believes, made very acceptable.

But when his Visits had been paid to her about ten Days, he thought proper to try her Friendship a little farther upon the Money Score; an Experiment he has the Skill to make upon most of his Acquaintance; tho' we admit this to be the Touchstone that modern Friendships will bear the least to be tried by; and having now introduced his Suit to her with the Apparatus or Ceremonial of assuring her, that nothing but the most urgent Necessity could give him Courage to speak to her upon such an Affair; and how much he was ashamed to trouble her on any Occasion, having already had such Proofs of her Generosity and Goodness; but that, in fine, he was obliged to pay a Lawyer that Evening Twenty odd Pounds, in Failure of which, he should be liable to be taken the next Day in Execution; with a thousand other attendant Evils, too tedious to trouble our Readers with.

A mournful Story of any Sort soon opened the Heart, and consequently the Purse, of our weak, good-natur'd Apologist; who had not, even at those Years, learned worldly Wisdom enough to be only sorry for the People she was inclined to wish well to, without offering them any further Assist-

Assistance. Therefore, to supply this pretended urgent Necessity, she gave him six more of these Double Doubloons, or four Pistole Pieces; which satisfied, as she supposes, the Demand he mentioned.

Some small Time after this, a Dispute happened between Mrs. Muilman and a Tradesman, to whom she had recommended a Gentleman, a Friend of her's, as a Customer. This Tradesman broke while she was in *Jamaica*; and, when she came over, the Assignees of the Bankrupt would fain have fixed the Debt on her; and, pretending that her Name was in the Book to this Credit, they took out a Writ against her, which, coming to her Knowledge, she thought (to avoid a Law-Dispute, as her Stay was to be but a very few Days in *England*) her Person would be secure from an Arrest in the *Esquire's* House, where she immediately went; but left her Family and Servants in *Warwick Court*.

The *Esquire* received her with great Civility, and made the best Accommodation for her in his Power; as he had at that Time a Patient in his House, which is but small, she stayed there from *Tuesday* to *Saturday* Night; and then, upon an Assurance that no further Proceedings should be had in that Affair, she returned

once

once more to her Lodgings in *Warwick-Court*.

While she was at his House, every Thing that was eat or drank, by him or her, was sent, by her Order, from the *White-Hart* in *Holborn*; for so unprovided was our *Esquire's* House of every Necessary, there were not Coals, the Morning after she went there, to boil the Tea-Kettle, 'till she sent to buy them: And indeed, by her Account, he made the most of her while there; for, in the Morning, it was his constant Custom to come into the Room, where she and her Sister lay, with an Air *tout Degagé*, and say, "Mrs. *Muilman*, I must beg of you to lend me some Money;" who generally answer'd him, There are my Pockets upon the Back of the Chair, which he modestly used to put his Hands into, and help himself. But this, to his great Grief, did not last many Days; tho', besides the Expence of keeping his Family in every thing while she was there, she was not less than Twenty Pounds out of Pocket.

But his Designs were not yet completed: She had not been three Days returned to her Lodgings, before he came to her; and, with a dismal Countenance, told her he was undone, if she did not once more stand his Friend; that his Goods were seized,

Teized, and would be infallibly Told, and he turned into the Streets, if he could not raise between Forty and Fifty Pounds, to satisfy a cruel, merciless Creditor, who had entered his House with an Execution.

Mrs. *Muilman* heard him with great Concern; for she had really conceived a good Opinion of this Man, and told him, it gave her the greatest Uneasiness, that she had not at that Time so much Money by her; but, if he pleased, she would lend him something of Value to raise it upon; provided he knew any Person who had Money, in whose Hands he could deposite it with Safety.

He thanked her in Terms full of Gratitude; and assured her, while he had Life, he should never forget the *Obligation*: He said he had a Friend, a Banker in the *Strand*, with whom he could, with the greatest Security, deposite any thing she would be so good as to lend him; and, in about Ten Days, he made no doubt but he should be able to redeem and return it to her.

Upon this Assurance, she lent him a large Silver Vessel which cost above Forty Pounds, and a Child's Coral set in Gold, remarkable not only for the Richness of the Setting, but the Coral itself was of so extraordinary

extraordinary a Beauty, that it cost Sixteen Guineas.

These he carried to Mess. *Green* and *Amber*, then Bankers in the *Strand*, and pledged for the Money he wanted; but, from that Hour to this, has never paid for, or returned them to our foolishly credulous Apologist.

The Money she lent him, she was quite unconcerned about the Payment of; because she was informed, his Affairs were in such a tattered Condition, there was nothing to be expected: But the Things she lent him to pledge, she always thought he would have had the Honesty to have returned.

We forgot to mention, that, while she was at his House, there was a large Cloaths Chest in the Room in which she lay. It was made of Inch Pear-Tree, and very strong. Mrs. *Muilman* told him, she should be glad to have such a one, to put her Cloaths in for her intended Voyage.

He told her, he had bought it at a Sale for Forty Shillings, and, if she liked it, it was at her Service; and as soon as she returned to her Lodgings, sent it after her; with a small Reading-Table, to hold a Candlestick and a Book, that could be fastened to her Bedside.

This

This Table, which might possibly be worth about a Guinea, with the Chest, she accepted, at his earnest Request, and looked upon them as Instances of his Gratitude.

But to tire the Reader as little as possible, the last Day of *June* 1741, she embarked for *New-England*: Her Stay there was but short, and she returned to *England* the latter End of *February*, the same Year.

When she came to *London*, having no Lodgings taken, she went to the *Esquire's*; and the very next Day, the Assignees of the People, we have before mentioned, hearing of her Return, were resolved to make a Push, and endeavour to arrest her; but as it was no Debt of her's, she was determined never to pay it: However, they hearing where she lodged (the *Esquire* being out of Town) the Bailiffs came to the House, while she and her Sister, with other Company, were at Dinner in the Parlour; and, having knocked at the Door, rushed into the House, and ran up Stairs, expecting to find her above: But, being alarmed at the Noise, her Sister ran to the Parlour-Door, and double-locked it, the Gentleman who was at Dinner, having first got out; she could plainly hear by his Parly with the Officers, that they intended to arrest her; for they swore she was in
that

that Room, and that they would break open the Door.

The Gentleman, who was at Dinner with her, and was bred to the Law, said every thing he could think of to deter them, by telling them that what they were about, was absolutely illegal, and would infallibly expose them to Prosecutions that might ruin them.

But his Arguments seemed to have no Weight; therefore, apprehending they would keep their Words, the first Thought that came into her Head, was to go out of the Parlour, by a Door that opened into a little Garden, and into a Window which opened from the Kitchen to this Garden; which very providentially secured her from being taken, as they could have no Suspicion of her being there; and she had not been gone out of the Room two Minutes, but in Spight of all the Remonstrances the Gentleman could make, they broke the Parlour Door to Pieces, and burst, full of Expectation, into the Room.

They were so sure of their Prey, that they did not care what Risque they ran to come at her; but never was Astonishment equal to that of these Blood-Hounds, when they perceived they had missed their Aim. They were certain she was there, and to

VOL. II. K know

know which Way she could escape, gave them great Perplexity.

They surrounded the House however, for they knew the taking her was all the Security left for their illegally breaking open the Squire's Door; but the Garden Wall of the Ducheſs of Marlborough, which parted the Houses, ſerved her for a Retreat. She having ſent in to inform the Servants how the Houſe was beſet, they propoſed her coming over the Wall thro' the Garden, and accordingly they put the Pruning-Ladder againſt it, and took Mrs. Muilman over in their Arms, who eaſily ſecured herſelf from any future Attempts of that kind.

The next Day the *Eſquire* came home, on hearing the Story; and, finding the Door broke, came to her, and aſſured her he would ſo far intereſt himſelf, that he would proſecute the Officer, and make the Plaintiff glad to accept of any Terms. However, at laſt it was compromiſed, to prevent further Trouble: Mrs. Muilman paid ſome Part of the Debt, and got a Release; the *Eſquire* had Satisfaction made for his Door, and a Preſent of a *Hawke of Veniſon*; and thus the whole Affair was concluded.

We are the more particular in this Relation, tho' it ſeems to have no Affinity to our

our Cause of Complaint, because this Man solves all the Obligations he ever had to this Lady, with the *pretended Assistance* he gave her, to prevent her being assisted; tho' the Truth is, he was out of Town, nor knew a Syllable of it till his Return.

Mrs. *Muilman* was now settled in Lodgings near *Whitehall*, where seldom a Day passed, but the *Esquire* did her the Honour to eat and drink with her, not least, a favourable Opportunity happened, which put it in her Power to recommend him to a Patient of some Consequence.

A Gentleman of *New England*, from whom, during her short Stay there, she had received most extraordinary Civilities, came to *England*. He was a Man of great Fortune, and, as his sole Business was to see this Country, the Life he proposed was to be an expensive one, and accordingly brought over with him a very considerable Sum of Money.

The Appearance he made in *London*, soon brought the Town-Locusts about him; for there are of these ravenous Animals, both Male and Female, who play such a Morfel as Colonel *Vassal* (for that was the Gentleman's Name) into each other's Hands.

He had been in *London* above a Year; during which, our Apologist had Reasons

to herself for not seeing him ; and in that Time he got into some very bad Company : The Ladies stript him of his Health, and the Sharpers of his Money.

This was his Condition, when a Gentleman, an intimate Friend of his, came to her, and told her plainly the poor Colonel's unhappy Situation ; at the same Time entreating her, as he knew the Colonel's high Opinion of her would incline him to listen to any thing she advised, to give him leave to bring the Colonel to see her, and that she would prevail with him to take Care of his Health before it was totally ruined.

Mrs. *Muilman*, who had the highest Regard for this Gentleman and his Family, consented to see him, and promised his Friend to make Use of all the Power he seemed to think she had over him, to persuade him to take the necessary Care of himself.

That Afternoon he came to her Lodgings with his Friend ; and, as she had promised, she made Use of all the Arguments she was Mistress of, to prevail on him to submit to the most ready and effectual Means for the Recovery of his Health, and, as a farther Inducement, she offered to accommodate him in her own Lodgings, and take Care of him herself.

This

This last Offer, we believe, had greater Influence than even the Consideration of Health, and he consented to put himself absolutely under her Directions. She immediately sent for the *Esquire* and Doctor *Burton*, under whose Care she placed her Friend; and, in some small Time, he was to all Appearance perfectly recovered: But, very unluckily for this poor Gentleman, from the Time of his first coming to *London*, he had lodged in *Cecil-Street* in the *Strand*, where also lodged another Gentleman, one *Mr. H——ll——y*. It was well known in the House, in what Manner this poor, raw, ignorant young Fellow threw away his Money, and hoping the Fund he had brought with him was not so near being exhausted, there was a Scheme laid to touch some of his remaining Thousands. The Fame of such a Prize was soon carried from *H——ll——y* to one Count *T——fe*, a Gentleman of Wit and Pleasure about Town. They were both of the Fraternity, which the French distinguish by the Names of *Chevalier de l'Industrie*; and, being both Intimates of the *Esquire's*, it was concerted among them, for the Benefit of the poor Gentleman's Health, for whom, tho' unknown, they had conceived so particular an Esteem and Friendship,

that this *Esquire* should advise him to go down to *Tunbridge* to drink the Waters. This Proposal was accordingly contrived to be made one Morning, when our Apologist was out of the Room (who used to retire when the Doctors visited their Patient.) She therefore had no Opportunity to fish into the Design, or possibly the poor Colonel had not been so easily trapped; but, as it was, she made no Opposition, believing the *Tunbridge* Waters to be Doctor *Barton's* Prescription: And he (the Colonel) consented, as believing it intended really for the Advancement of his Cure. The *Esquire* said, he would do himself the Honour to wait upon him down, and attend him while there; which, considering the Intention of the Journey, might easily be done, without so long an Absence as could be in the least injurious to his other Business; for what they wanted is very few Hours were sufficient to complete. And the Colonel's Landau was ordered the next Morning: He took Leave of his kind Protectress, resolving to stay at *Tunbridge* a Month; but the *Esquire* begged he would be so good as to call at his House for some Things he wanted; and, in their Way thither, he told this poor innocent Gentleman, There were two Men of Fashion, Pa-

tients

tients of his, that were going *on the same Errand*, that he would advise him to join Company with them. With all my Heart, replied the poor unsuspecting Victim, but why need we have different Equipages; for God's Sake offer the Gentlemen Places in our Landau. He made some Opposition to this, saying, they had Equipages of their own, and that it might possibly incommode him; who assured him; No; — he should be very glad of their Company.

Accordingly, when they came to the *Esquire's House*, they took up the Gentlemen, (*who happened to be there by Accident*, for it would be censorious indeed to say, they were planted there for that Purpose) and thus pursued their Journey.

The poor Colonel, whose Treasure was so far diminished as to become portable in a Pocket-Book, apprehended no Sort of Risk in carrying it about him. He had not above Four Hundred and Fifty Pounds left, which was in Bank Bills; and, very little suspecting he had the *Collectors* in the Coach with him, was greatly pleased with the Sprightliness and Gaiety of his new Companions; who, the first Day, while Dinner was getting ready, proposed a Game at Whist.

K 4 The

The Colonel, who really knew Clubs from Spades, not chusing these young Europeans should excel him, in either Knowledge or good Breeding, consented to any thing; and accordingly they sat down and played a Rubber. The two Strangers were Partners; but, tho' they had good Cards, understood so very little the Management of them, that they lost every thing.

The Colonel plumed himself greatly upon his good Fortune, to say nothing of his Judgment; and, in a very small Time, he and the Esquire won upwards of Thirty Guineas each of these two poor innocent young Gentlemen.

The Colonel thought himself the greatest Man, and most skillful Gamester in England; but Fortune alas! that fickle Inconstant, who waits but a Moment upon the most successful, and does not always favour the Wise and Brave, began now to change Sides. - The poor Colonel, who, the Day before, thought himself almost invincible, now found himself fallible.

The young Gentlemen, no doubt, taught by Experience, now mended in their Play, and, by the second Night, the poor simple Colonel was stripped of every Shilling he had; and, to add to his Misfortune, his poor Surgeon (to whom he had, the Day before, given Thirty Guineas for his Cure, in

Part of Payment) *lost his Money also*; for this poor *innocent Esquire* was to *bad a Judge of Play*, as to bet of the Colonel's Side every Game.

However, this being the Case, the Colonel resolved to return to *London* the next Day, which he accordingly did; and never was *Surprize* equal to *Mrs. Mulman's*, when his Servant came in with his Master's Cloak-Bag, &c. the third Day after he had set out, and taken Leave, with an Intention to stay a Month.

She waited all that Evening, expecting the Colonel Home, who did not return 'till after Five o'Clock in the Morning; and, when he came in, looked as tho' he had risen from the Grave.

He paid his Compliments to her, and begg'd a thousand Pardons for keeping her up so late. But she, who was really in great Concern for his Health, told him, That disturbing her Rest gave her much less Uneasiness than to see him look so miserably; and begg'd to know the Reason of his so sudden Return.

After evading all in his Power to tell the Truth, he found it impossible to conceal it from her; and, in fine, related the whole Story, with this Addition, that he, the poor sick Man, who had not been out for above two Months before, and had, in

that Time, gone through some very violent Operations, for the foregoing three Nights had never been in Bed; and the only Benefit he was permitted to receive from the Waters at Tunbridge, was the sitting up there two Nights without ever resting them; and being stripp'd of above Four Hundred Pounds; and, what is pretty singular, his two Companions were now entirely cured of their Complaints, and returned to London with him.

However, these good natur'd Gentlemen purpos'd to give the Colonel a Supper, when they came to Town; to which End they carried him to the Star and Garter in Pall-Mall, at which Place he had staid 'till after Five in the Morning; and, by the Way of making the Money even they had before won of him, they took him in for Sixty-four Guineas more than he had about him, or indeed in England; and then sent him Home, more like a Spectre than a living Creature, after three Nights such Fatigue, in the weak Condition he was.

Mrs. Maishman heard this villainous Exploit with the utmost Astonishment and Indignation! and, would the Colonel have been advised by her, she would have soon taught these pretty Gentlemen the Doctrine of Refund. But No; the poor Colonel

was

was one of those Knight-Errend Men of Honour, who would pay a Play-debt tho' they sold their Estates for it; and conjured her to endeavour to raise the Sixty odd Guineas to pay Count T--ffe. *He* but a few Men chuse to have it known they have been duped: He requested, and laid the strongest Injunctions upon her, by no Means to mention a Word of it: And tho' at that particular Time her Circumstances could but very ill spare such a Sum, yet the Obligations she had received from that Gentleman and his Family when abroad, got the better of all other Considerations; and what Difficulties soever it put her to, she at last contrived to raise the Money he wanted: And it happen'd very lucky for the Colonel it was in her Power so to do, for his good-natur'd Surgeon, who was not under any absolute Necessity of telling these two Gentlemen where the Colonel's Lodgings of Retirement were, did however, in great Friendship, acquaint them, he lodged at Mrs. Muilman's, where the next Day Count T--ffe came to enquire for him, and was paid the Sixty four Guineas.

Mrs. Muilman was quite out of her Senses, to think that any one she had recommended to this Gentleman, should have committed such an infamous Action; (for,

raw

raw and ignorant as he was, he plainly perceived he had been bubbled) especially the *Esquire*, whose Friend she had so much endeavour'd to be: And another Hardship she lay under, then unavoidable, which was the being obliged to raise Money to supply the poor Colonel's present Necessities, and to furnish him with Necessaries for his Voyage to the *West Indies*, where, as he had a very large Estate, she advised him to go immediately, to repair the foolish Extravagancies he had been guilty of in *London*; and she had been told that he left some Things of Value in her Hands, and gave her Notes for the rest of the Money she advanced for him, and, was a Man of such Honour, he would undoubtedly have remitted the Money to her, but, soon after his Arrival in the *West Indies*, he died; therefore our Apologist is, the least Penny, Three Hundred Pounds the worse for the *Tunbridge* Exploit.

But this did not hinder the *Esquire*, who is remarkable for not being the most modest Man breathing, from repeating his Visits; and upon being question'd by Mrs. *Muilman* and a Gentleman then with her, how he could be guilty of such an infamous Action, his Answer was, *Who I? God knows my Heart, I am innocent: Lord! I lost above Forty Guineas of my own Money;* and

and can you believe I would be accessory to the cheating myself?

However, Mrs. *Muilman* was so oblig'd at this Transaction, and convinced of the Dishonesty of that Man, she seldom saw him after; neither did he ever attempt to make her any Satisfaction for the Money or Things he had had of her; and his Circumstances were in so wretched a Condition, she had given up all Thoughts of recovering any thing from him; but at last, her own Affairs were, as has been related in the Beginning of her *Apology*, in most extraordinary Distress; and, at the same Time, she was constrained to make herself a Prisoner in the Liberties of the *King's-Bench*.

She was also obliged to take an unfurnished House for herself and Family, and as the obtaining the Liberty of the Rules, and being above ten Weeks in an Officer's House, had been very expensive to her, she was under great Difficulties to find Furniture.

But recollecting that this *Esquire* had, when she was in his House, a vast deal of Furniture laid up in Garrets, out of Use, having removed from a very large House, to a much smaller; and she imagining, that the Man whom she had assisted with the Means of preserving them, would be fond of

of any Opportunity of obliging her with the Loan of such a Part as were useless to himself; she wrote him a civil Letter, telling him her present Circumstances, and desiring he would oblige her with a Dining-Table and six Chairs: But this great Man suffered her to write three Times, before he found Leisure to give her an Answer. At last, he vouchsafed to tell the Messenger, that he could not imagine what she meant by sending to him; for that really he had no Goods in his House, but what he knew very well how to make Use of.

Such an Answer gave her much less Surprise than Contempt for the ungrateful Wretch who sent it; but not being quite of so passive a Temper as the *Esquire* expected to find her, worn down by Distresses, and intimidated by his *little Greatness*; she wrote to him, and inclosed an Account, telling him, she expected he would immediately pay her; and added, that such a Sum would enable her to buy a Table and six Chairs, without putting him to the Inconvenience of parting with *the Furniture he knew so well how to make Use of*; and farther assured him, that if he did not forthwith pay the Money, she would order him to be arrested. To which he very heroically replied, that he put any thing she could

could do at Defiance; for he was protected by him.

Here we hope our Readers will excuse our explaining or mentioning Names, that we are too sensible of our Duty to introduce in Company with his. But very well knowing, that what he said was an absolute Falshood (for she was sure he could have no Protection for Villanies from that Quarter) she, the next Day, arrested him; and accordingly, as he said, he had the Impudence to deliver to the Officer a Copy of his Warrant, and plead his Protection; who thereupon released him.

Our Apologist being at that Time herself a Prisoner, was sufficiently mortified; as she was by that Means prevented from throwing herself at the Feet of his Protector, and informing the Lord of the Prostitution this Man had the Boldness to make of the Honour that was done him. Therefore, the only Reserve she had left, was to make an Application to a Gentleman who had done this Man the Honour to countenance him, and whose Character she was so well acquainted with, she knew he must inevitably forfeit that great Man's Esteem, did he once suspect him capable of such Villainies; and at all Events he would be obliged to make her Satisfaction for any Wrongs he had done her. She therefore

took

took the Liberty to make her Complaints, by Letter, to this Gentleman, as follows:

SIR,
I T is so long since I have had the Favour of seeing you, I shall not be surprized if my Name scarce lives in your Remembrance; and I am ashamed the Reason of my troubling you at present should be a Matter of so small Importance, it scarce leaves me room to excuse myself; but as our Sex are quite defenceless, 'tis natural to fly for Succour where the Power of Redress is lodged; together with the amiable Virtues of high Honour and Generosity. Therefore, Sir, this waits upon you to complain of a Man, who, by the great Honour you have done to countenance, I flatter myself you have some Influence over. 'Tis Mr. C*, the Surgeon; I have above four Years since, out of meer Compassion, assisted him with Money to save his Goods from being torn out of his House by Execution. His Fortune is at present most conspicuously mended; and tho' my Distress is now great beyond Expression, yet when I come to demand my Money of this Man, he pleads his ———'s Protection as *Surgeon-Extraordinary*. Good God, Sir, is it possible, contrary to the general

neral Rule of his ~~public~~'s known Love of Justice, there should be made an Exception in this Man's Favour, ~~from~~ who shall brave the World under that sacred Sanction, an Honour, I am well convinc'd, never intended by his ~~honour~~, for any Violation, and far from that of being prostituted to such unjust Ends? Did he want the Power, I would not ask it; but, quite otherwise, his Way of living demonstrates nothing wanting but Honesty and Principle; and the Favour, Sir, I have to request of you, is, as I know you are well acquainted with Mr. D~~—~~, to enquire whether he is really protected by his ~~advice~~, or no, because I would not chuse to offend; and should that be the Case, I have no Way left but to petition his ~~honour~~. I earnestly beg you will forgive the Liberty I have taken, and give me Leave to assure you, with the greatest Respect,

I am, Sir, &c.

This Gentleman, she was afterwards informed, the Instanther Letter was received, sent for the Esquire, and most severely reprimanded him for his Behaviour, and said, if he expected to approach him, he must instantly clear himself of the Accusation contained in that Letter, and make the

Lady

Lady Satisfaction; adding, that if he should
 irritate her to make a Complaint to his
~~mother~~; it would infallibly be his
 Ruin. He knew how much his Well-being de-
 pended upon the Favour and Protection of
 that Gentleman, to hesitate a Moment in
 obeying his Commands: Therefore, hav-
 ing first made all the frivolous Excuses he
 could invent, (at which he is most dex-
 trously ready) to gloss the Affair over, and
 told a thousand villainous Lies, he went
 immediately to Mr. ———, a Gentleman
 whose sincere Friendship for, and good
 Opinion of, this *Esquire*, was his first In-
 troduction into the Company of any one
 who had the least Pretence to be called a
 Gentleman, — and whose lavish mistaken
 Friendship for him has known no Bounds;
 insomuch, that he, this *Esquire*, has not
 only had the Command of his Purse on all
 Occasions, but his stedfast Adherence to
 him has at last made this obscure Reptile's
 Name known in the World, and poor Mr.
 ———'s own became almost generally
 despised, by the being inseparably men-
 tioned with the *Esquire's*; and thro' a Be-
 lief that the Actions of this *Punch in Poli-*
tics, were always governed by the other's
 good Sense and Genius, the poor little
 Wren has mounted upon the Eagle's
 Wings;

Wings; for supposing his Influence to be without Bounds over Mr. ———, he has already received in Part the Reward of being considerable; a Path nothing but Mr. ———'s steadfast Adherence to him could ever have brought him into; and there are People who are, we believe, weak enough to credit the Insinuations of the Power he pretends to have of making Mr. ———, a Creature, or dependent on any of his Patrons: And we are sure, that there is a *Right Honourable one*, for whom Mrs. *Muilman* has the highest Honour, who little knows what a *Master* he suffers to approach him; for tho' a Minister may want *Tools*, *Villain* need be no Part of their Qualifications, *Fool* and *Blab* much less.

Here we are sure we shall be understood, where we desire to be; yet, at the same Time, tho' his pretended Pre-eminence over this Gentleman (Mr. ———) is the only Sheet Anchor to fix his Preferment by, he has the Dishonesty and Littleness of Soul to act the most perfidious Part, even by him who was his only Protector and Preserver; and, with womanish Meanness, has endeavoured to detract from and lessen him, who has been his Father, Friend, Patron, and Benefactor.

The

The Reader, we hope, will pardon this Digression: The Necessity of it will, in all Probability, be hereafter accounted for. But, to resume our Story.

He went to Mr. ———, and told him, that Mrs. *Muilman* having wrote such a Letter, he was under a Necessity of making the Affair easy with her, or it would be his Ruin: He therefore entreated and beg'd Mr. ——— would go, and influence her to take some small Sum for the whole, as he, at that Time, was utterly unable to pay her her full Demands. Nothing less than his inevitable Destruction depended upon his compromising the Matter with her; and, by way of ballancing Accounts, he told Mr. ———, that he hop'd Mrs. *Muilman* would allow 12 l. 12 s. for five Nights Lodging, and 3 l. 13 s. 6 d. for the Chest he had given her, and 2 l. 10 s. for the little Writing-Table, and some other Articles which he charged to the Account of her Sister, when she was abroad.

Mr. ——— told him, the Folly and Impudence of sending her such an Account would, he was sure, rather exasperate her than otherwise; but however, that he would go, and endeavour, by all the Persuasions in his Power, to dispose her to accept of what he could afford to give her,
which

which he accordingly did: And indeed Mr. ——— was the only proper Person he could engage in such an Affair, for that Gentleman had been an Eye-Witness to every one of these Transactions.

Mr. ——— made Use of all the Arguments he could think of, to persuade her not to insist upon what was absolutely out of the *Esquire's* Power to pay; adding, that he was so circumstanced at this critical Conjunction, it might really be his Ruin. At last Mr. ——— put it on the Foot of a Friendship done to himself; and assured her, he should take it so.

Thus strenuously solicited by a Gentleman she had the highest Esteem for, and good Opinion of, it at last prevailed, and she consented to accept of Twenty Guineas, tho' not the Fifth of the Value, for the whole; which being sent, she gave him a Receipt in full; and, from that Hour, has never had the least Intercourse or Acquaintance with this hopeful *Esquire*.

Mrs. *Muilman* does also aver, that, in the whole Course of their Acquaintance, she was never obliged to that Man *for so great a Favour as a Dish of Tea*; but that, upon all Occasions, she has endeavoured, as much as ever lay in her Power, to advance his Interest and serve him: And also
that

that there was never any Sort of Transaction happen'd between them, other than what is herein before set forth; therefore our Readers will now be able to judge, how far Mrs. *Muilman* is culpable, or, in any Shape, merits the scandalous Accusation of an Intention to defraud this Man of Fifty Pounds; a Sum she is very well assured, he never was, at any one Time, Master of, as his own Money; or, if ever, not 'till long after our Apologist had renounced his Acquaintance.

In Regard to a further Promise we have made our Readers, of exposing this Man's Want of Integrity, a liberal Education will sometimes cover the Defects of a mean Birth, *but, where both are wanting*, there is little to be expected; and such excessive low People, under these Circumstances, are seldom or ever introduced into any thing of high Life, but that it is plainly discernable, be their Interest ever so much injur'd by it, their Vanity must also have a considerable Share, tho' it cost them ever so dear; and, we believe, there can scarce be produced a more *foolish, vain, worthless, dishonest* Instance of this Kind, than the Man we are now talking of: for, so unfit is he to be the humble Servant of a great Man, he never aims at extolling his Virtues, or giving the World a high Opinion of
of

of the Wisdom and Importance of the great People he has the Honour to approach: All he desires is, that the World should know he is acquainted with them, and wonder at *his Greatness* and the *absolute Influence*, he assures them, he has over his *Patrons* and *Benefactors*; which, that they may be the more convinced of, he supports by telling them, to the most minute Transaction, even of their Family Affairs, that by any Hazard he happens to be let into; and, for their Entertainment, he one Time plays *the great Lady of a Family*, which he takes off to Admiration; the next he is *the great Man and Politician*, which he also *acts most amazingly*; and, by Turns, plays them and all their Acquaintance off *with most admirable Buffoonery*. He has greater Joy in complaining of the mighty Fatigue he undergoes, with being obliged constantly to attend such or such great Men, than he could feel in the honest Ease and Tranquillity of an independent Fortune, obtained with reputable Industry, and a quiet Conscience.

To see this vain Fool, in the midst of a Dozen of his old Acquaintance and Comrades, holding forth upon the Misteries of State, and suggesting to them, that he will answer for it, *certain Measures will never be pursued: It has indeed been always against*
his

his Opinion, and he is sure Mr. — will think as he, this great and wise MENTOR, advises.

This, I say, would give one rather a Contempt than an Esteem for the Wisdom of these great People, *so counselled, and so directed*: Yet this is the Ladder by which he has ascended, *without the least Grain of Integrity, or Merit; no, not even the necessary one of Secresy*; for the Vanity of being thought considerable, would make him betray any thing on Earth he is trusted with, whatever might be the Consequence.

We shall give our Readers one Instance of his intolerable Folly and Imprudence, and then leave to their Wisdom, whether this Man is an Object worthy of Confidence.

Upon a particular Occasion, there were Dispatches sent Express to him by a Servant out of the Country, which, for some Reasons, were thought of too much Importance to be entrusted to the Post. He received them at his own House, but came immediately to Mrs. *Muilman's* Lodgings, into the Room where she was sitting with five or six other People, with the Papers in his Hands. What have you got there, says Mrs. *Muilman*? Some Dispatches, replied he, that have just been sent Express from Mr. — —, which are not of a Na-
ture

ture to be entrusted to the Post, but I'll read them to you, *putting on an Air of infinite Importance.*

Upon which he read the Letter that they came in, with the enclosed; and explained every thing they contained, with the Names of the great People, concerned in them; tho' this was a Confidence of the utmost Concern; and every Word of this he said before the whole Company, one of whom was far from being a Well-wisher to the Gentleman, who had reposed that Confidence in him.

Mrs. *Muilman* was quite confounded at his Folly, which she took the first Opportunity to tell him of; but, perceiving that his intolerable Vanity must be gratified, tho' at the Risk of injuring his best Friends, she gave herself no further Trouble, but henceforward always looked upon that Man's Importance in the most contemptible Light, and himself as the most ignorant Trifler; therefore he was ever after distinguished in her Family, by the mock Name of the *First Minister*.

We are quite aware of this Man's Defence, for no sooner had he heard that this Affair was come to her Ears, but he began by denying every single Word of what he had said in the Coffee-House, though Mrs. *Muilman* has Leave from some of the Gen-

tlemen then present, if she thought fit, to mention their Names. To the rest of this Account, Mr. ———, her Sister, and several others, were Witnesses; and to the last, she is ready to satisfy the Gentleman those Dispatches we have mentioned came from, by repeating the Contents of the Letter and Dispatches that were sent him; and which, nothing but the perfect Respect she has for that Gentleman, prevents her inserting here; and also, several other Transactions that have happened between him and the *Esquire*, which the same Reason withholds her from giving the Public the Perusal of, and which could never have come to her Ear but from that Fellow's Mouth.

Among other Things, this *Esquire* has the Modesty to say, to the People who blame him for his Imprudence and Folly, that whatever pecuniary Obligations he has had to Mrs. *Muilman*, he stands cleared from by her own Receipts; which is equally true with his first Accusation, of her endeavouring to cheat him; for she avers he never paid her a Shilling in his Life, but the Twenty Guineas before mentioned; neither has he any Receipt of her's, to produce for any other or further Sum; and that she consented to receive solely at the earnest Instance and Request

of Mr. _____; for, as we have before mentioned, she is very certain he was not then worth in the World as much Money as could have paid her what was justly due to her; but, having once given him a Receipt, she makes no Demand upon him; yet she thinks, under these Circumstances, she is at least intitled to his Favour and Good-Will, to say no more, instead of Abuse and Calumny.

She hears however he has the Modesty to say he can recriminate, and intends to answer her. As this may possibly come to his Perusal, she supplicates him to keep his Word; and *then she will forgive him.*

Before we conclude, we cannot forbear mentioning the Art with which this Man has endeavoured to persuade and poison the Minds of some of her best Friends: Why, truly, he in general confesses, that he has said some Things of her, which he believes would be very disagreeable, if they were to come to her Knowledge; and being asked why he did this, his Answer was, *because he was a foolish idle Fellow*; a Fact we admit to be true, but he has no other Merit in the confessing it than a Piece of *knaveish Cunning*, in Hopes, by this frank Declaration, he should have eluded her Resentment; and so far he has succeeded, tho' not with her, that several

of her Friends have told her, he was such a *low Animal*, he was quite below her Notice. She admits indeed, that nothing can be *lower* or *meaner*, and she would have always regarded him in that Light; but as this Man, by *some strange Infatuation*, has been set up for something, and raised enough to be talked with, or listened to, by Gentlemen; and, by the Dint of an *uncommon Assurance*, plumes himself on being a Coffeehouse Orator, he must be dragged forth to public View, and exposed in his genuine Colours, or else the Abuses that come from his Mouth, will at last gain Credit; for *Calumny is a current Coin*, that every Man has Credulity enough to receive, even from the meanest Hand.

But it may not be amiss to observe to our Readers, how well calculated this Buffoon is for the Business of his Character; when he finds himself on all Hands attacked with, Pray, why did you do so foolish a Thing? His last Recourse is the denying the whole; which, notwithstanding the Speech just recited, he does, with this Gentleman-like Exclamation, that *they are Scoundrels and Rascals, who dare say he ever said a disrespectful Word of her, either at the Smyrna Coffeehouse, or any other Place; and that, if any Man says it, he will tell him, to his Nose, he is a Scoundrel.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Muilman* appeals to the Gentlemen then present, when he made the heroic Speech she has complained of; some of them she has the Honour to know, and others among them, tho' she is not personally acquainted with, she nevertheless well knows to be no Scoundrels; neither indeed could she learn there was any body then present who deserved that Denomination; — save, gentle Reader, the *well-bred Esquire* who has taken the Liberty to call them all so:—She says, she appeals to them, what a Pest to Society such an infamous Member must be; and hopes, as she is sure there is none among them but can wield a Cudgel, they will give this Miscreant the proper Chastisement, whenever he dares present himself in the Place of Action, *viz.* The *Smyrna* Coffeehouse.





It is now Time we should return to the *Hero* of our Narrative; for the two preceding Numbers we have almost lost Sight of him; but as we think it highly incumbent upon us, to relieve our Readers as frequently as possible, from dull Scenes of Distress and Litigation, we endeavour to intersperse them with as much Variety of Matter as we can, that, when their Astonishment is raised to the highest Degree of Surprize and Horror, they may be relieved with something more entertaining.

Therefore if we make little Escapes in Time, and are frequently obliged to return to our former Matter, the Readers will, we hope, be so good as to remember, it is to pay our Court to them; but, as our second Book draws to a Conclusion, (if we may be permitted to compare small Things with great)

great) to follow the Example of the renowned *Homer*, eminent for that peculiar Beauty of keeping his principal Personage in View, we bring ours once more before them, and we doubt not but what is to come of the Portrait, will appear so much of a Piece with what we have already exhibited; no one will dispute the Consistency of the Character.

We parted from him, having just brought an Appeal from the Bishop of London's Court, to the Arches Court of Canterbury; to which all the Proceedings were transmitted: But here a new Difficulty arose, that put her into great Perplexity. Mr. *Muilman* petitioned the Court, that Mrs. *Ann Darnell*, and her Children, should be admitted Parties in that Cause, to intervene for their Interest; (this is the Jargon their Petition was worded in) and, Giberish as it was, it found Admittance: *For in these Courts, they are so prudent as to nurse the Infants that come among them, according to the Circumstances of their Parents:* However, it was accordingly granted; and they were admitted Parties. Therefore now, from having only one Adversary to deal with, here was a Lady and two Infants (the eldest of whom not above five Years old) Parties to that Suit.

Our Readers perhaps will be at a Loss to imagine the Reason of these People being admitted to intervene (as they call it) in her Complaint against Mr. *Muilman*: and as far as we are able, they shall be informed; there is a Maxim in the Law, that an Infant can do himself no Wrong; therefore it was gaining *no inconsiderable Point* to postpone the final Determination of that Cause *for sixteen Years*, 'till Master *Darnell* should come of Age, to explain the Nature of his Interest.

In fine, Readers, this is the *Hocus Pocus* of the Law; for, notwithstanding the many thousand Pounds our Apologist has buried in *Doctors Commons*; and her Council (to do them Justice) were as eminent Men as any among that learned Body, she could never get one solid, or other Reason, for this *Intervenement*; but that the Judge, who had not *personally examined Mrs. Muilman*, was quite in the Dark; *his Eyes as yet had not gone through the Operation of Couching*, therefore under the *specious, moving Circumstances*, of a Lady, and her Children, who were to be *infallibly ruined* by the *Event* of that Cause, (for that was the Language his Council had always the Candour to talk in) we say, under these Circumstances, it was no Wonder *any thing was believed, and granted*, that could be asked

asked for their Advantage ; so, that tho' her Point had been gained against Mr. *Muilman*, she had the same to go thro' with Mrs. *Darnell*; and that ended, she must recapitulate with Master *Darnell*, and, in fine, conclude with Miss *Darnell*: Therefore, in the Course of *about forty Years*, there was a *bare Possibility* for her to bring that Cause to a final Determination.

No Doubt the Precaution the Law has taken in favour of Infants, is a very just and salutary one ; but it seems as tho' there should be a most monstrous Deficiency some where ; that Infants shall be permitted to injure others, without being liable to answer for it, by themselves, or their Representatives ; or, that they who shall be permitted to *intervene* for an Infant's Interest, and undertake such *Intervenement*, shall not be obliged to *prove the Interest they immediately pretend to have*, in the Cause they pray to be a Party to, *prior to such Admittance*.

We would here propose a natural Question, How could Mrs. *Muilman*'s Complaint of a Sentence obtained against her by *Fraud, Force, and Collusion*, interest any of these Parties ? If her Complaint was proved to be a just one, has not the Law provided a Remedy for Mrs. *Darnell*? &c. And we would be glad to know, what

Master, and Miss *Darnell's* being declared *illegitimate*, is to Mrs. *Muilman*? Should their being so deprive her of Justice? And are they to be supported by the Chicane of the Laws, who are brought into the World in exprefs Violation of the *Laws*, both *human* and *divine*?

In fine our Readers will at least glean this Piece of useful Knowledge, by a Relation of her Hardships; they will perceive to how little Purpose it is to call a *rich Man to Account*, tho' for the most infamous Breach of the *Laws*: For if he had not found Favour and Countenance, in Respect of his Riches, what could have prevented his being brought to public Punishment? Theirs was but a short Question, and needed no *splitting of Points*, or *Multiplicity of Parties*; no *Intervenements to set Truth as much at a Distance as possible*.

Can any Man in his Senses believe, that, supported as Mr. *Muilman* was by two Council learned in the Law, a *Father*, and a *Brother*, and an immense Fortune, he would not have endeavoured to bring this Matter to a final Decision, if he expected any Success from the Merits, whereon all his Reputation and Credit depended, as well as the *Legitimacy of his Children*? These are Motives of too much Weight,

to admit of Procrastination, — bare faced,
— unjust Delays.

Our Readers will please to consider against whom these Artifices were practised, — a poor, distressed Woman ! who was only supported as she occasionally found Friends, and relied upon nothing but the *apparent Justice of her Cause*: Yes, Readers, we must believe you are quite convinced of her Right to that *Justice* she sought, as being satisfied of the Wrongs she has suffered: And, notwithstanding her narrow, uncertain Fortune, has hitherto prevented her from making a *public Example of this Man*, we cannot help pleasing ourselves, with the Thoughts of the odious, contemptible Figure he must make in the Opinions of all *honest Men*: Yet our Apologist sees, with infinite Surprise, that some Part of that Purity of Manners, and exemplary Living, among the Citizens of *London*, for which they were formerly so eminent, is now dispensed with, in Favour of this *Mr. Muilman*; else, surely, there would none be found, who, upon any Consideration, would hold Commerce with, or approach the Dwelling of, a Man, who has been guilty of the abominable Crimes laid to his Charge: And who still, in the Face of the World, continues to live in open Adultery.

Sorry

Sorry we are, that a poor innocent Lady and her Children, bear any Part in this wicked Catastrophe: But as she must now unavoidably, as well as the rest of the World, be undeceived; we make no Doubt but her future Conduct will prove the Abhorrence she has to such Actions.

The most innocent Creature upon Earth, may be led into an Error; but to live in a Crime when better informed, changes the Nature of the Case: They then become Abettors, and deserve no longer the Compassion, their suffering Innocence naturally excited.

This Lady and her Children, as we have before set forth, being suffered to *intervene* for their Interest, they were also made Parties in Mr. *Muilman's* Appeal; however, with indefatigable Pains, and a most monstrous Expence, the Cause was brought on before the Dean of the Arches; and he was of Opinion, to admit Mrs. *Muilman's* whole Libel, reserving the first four Articles, 'till after *the Determination of the previous Point*.

Our Readers, especially those who are quite unacquainted with the Law, will no doubt be at a Loss to know the Meaning of this *previous Point*; and, as our chiefest Care is to make ourselves intelligible to the most uninformed, we have taken all
the

the Pains in our Power, thro' the whole Labyrinth of Chicanery and Litigation contained in this Narrative, to make it as comprehensible as possible: But here we confess ourselves at a Loss; the Truth is, our Apologist took the utmost Pains to inform herself, but could never get it in any other Manner explained; it was the *previous Point*, and that was all. In short, we presume these technical Terms are a Sort of *Ignis fatuus*, that was to deceive, and perplex poor Mrs. *Muilman* in her Pursuit of Justice: And this is all that we can collect from, or understand by it.

However, the Admission of her Libel, tho' clogged with this *unintelligible previous Point*, was Reason sufficient for them to carry the Cause from the Court of Arches to the Delegates, which was their Game; for had Mrs. *Muilman's* Council alleged it was twelve o'Clock when the Sun was in it's Meridian, they would have denied it, and have appealed thro' all the Courts, 'till they had got it determined in the Court of Delegates, which is not to be done without infinite Time and Difficulty; for as the Court of Delegates is composed of a certain Number of Common Law Judges, Civilians, and Lords Spiritual and Temporal, appointed by the Lord Chancellor, their several Avocations imploy them

them so differently, that it is looked upon as the greatest good Luck, if, with the utmost Pains and Application, a Metting is obtained in two Years: And this Point being determined, *viz.* that the Sun being in it's Meridian, it is twelve o'Clock, you are sent back where you first began, having had the Satisfaction of a *Determination of so much Consequence in your Favour, at an Expence not to be credited, and three or four Years Loss of Time*; yet no further advanced in your principal Matter, than tho' you had been asleep all that While. And this is what *the able Practitioners in the Law* call, *Nursing a Cause*; and the Grievance we complain of, under the Denomination of *Splitting of Points*, a most curious Entrenchment for a Villain to get behind, who is at Law upon the Defensive.

And the World will be less surprized Mr. *Muilman* has found Means to bury his Wife's Pretensions under a Heap of unfurmountable Difficulties, when they understand, the Perversion and Chicanery of the Law furnishes a rich Man with such Auxiliaries.

However, having gained so principal a Point, as to have this Lady and her Children joined in his Appeal to the Delegates, Mrs. *Muilman's* Council soon perceived their Drift was, to incumber the Cause
with

with so many Parties, there would be no such Thing in Nature as ever bringing it to a Hearing; especially as it then stood: For as it was their Appeal, they had an Opportunity to effect what Delay they thought proper. Therefore they (her Council) advised her to petition, under Complaint, that the Judge had thought fit to reserve the four first Articles of her Libel, to be admitted joint in the Appeal; which she accordingly did, and her Petition was opposed, as usual, by Mr. *Muilman* as strenuously as possible. However there was, at last, a Day appointed, and this mighty Dispute was to come on before my Lord Chancellor *Talbot*.

We cannot chuse a more proper Place to give our Readers an Idea of the Frugality of the Law, than the present; there were no less than eleven Council of a Side, Civilians and Common Lawyers; and, as in all these Cases, the Council can be no Judges of the Complaint unless their Briefs contain the whole Matter of the Cause, from the very Beginning down to that Time, the least Compass her Briefs could be brought into was forty Sheets.

It was necessary also, that the Register of the Court should attend with the Exhibits; and, as Mrs. *Mailman* was always resolved to print the Account of this whole Transaction,

Transaction, she was at a further Expence, which she apprehended a very necessary one, and that was, to employ a Man who kept a Fan-shop the Corner of *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and is one of the most famous Short-hand Writers in *London*, to take down all the Pleadings: So that with Briefs, Exhibits, Short-hand Writer, Commission of Appeal, and Council's Fees, that simple Question did not cost her less than Three Hundred Pounds: But as the Intention of her employing this Short-hand Writer was to give the Public the utmost Satisfaction, we will give them an authentic Speech of *Dr. Henckman's*, who, that Day, appeared as her Council, but, as they have been before informed, was formerly her Judge: And the following is from the Short-hand Writer's Copy, transcribed Word for Word.

“ *My Lord*, I am Council for the Com-
 “ plainant, in this Cause, and what will ap-
 “ pear most extraordinary is, that I am al-
 “ so the Judge of the Court in which the
 “ Sentence was first pronounced against
 “ this poor, oppressed, injur'd Lady.
 “ *My Lord*, I tell this with a faltering
 “ Tongue, and an aching Heart, sorely
 “ regretting that such a Scene of Injustice
 “ should ever have been transacted in a
 “ Court where I have the Honour to pre-
 “ side;

“ side ; a Scene that is pregnant with every
 “ Crime the most detestable Villainy can
 “ perpetrate ; a Scene, that in future Ages
 “ honest Men will tremble but to read ; a
 “ Scene, I have the deepest Sorrow my
 “ Name must be transmitted to Posterity
 “ as an Accessary to ; and yet, my Lord,
 “ alas ! how lately have I been disabused
 “ of my Error ! for there is such a Com-
 “ bination, supported with Money and
 “ great People, against this poor Woman,
 “ unless the Judge, before whom this
 “ Cause may happen to be carried, is en-
 “ dow’d with supernatural Discernment,
 “ yes, my Lord,—even to Inspiration,
 “ —their Machinations must deceive
 “ him, and, in Consequence, he must
 “ do the most palpable Act of In-
 “ justice.

“ My Lord, this was my Case when
 “ Mr. *Muilman*’s Council moved, that I
 “ would allow Mrs. *Muilman* to be perso-
 “ nally examined before me, to which, be-
 “ ing present, she instantly consented : Yes,
 “ my Lord, she consented ; —and, Hea-
 “ ven be praised, that Examination open’d
 “ my Eyes, and by that Means put it in
 “ my Power to rectify my fatal Mistake,
 “ and free my Soul from the Guilt of con-
 “ firming such a Scene of Iniquity, by my
 “ Sentence : Iniquity ! did I say ? my
 “ Lord,

“ Lord, that, indeed, is too tender a
 “ Word; for here is no less than abomi-
 “ nable Perjury,---Subornation of Perjury,
 “ ---attended with the deepest Villainy,
 “ and the most cruel Treatment, that
 “ could be given to a Woman, to force
 “ her into this Man’s Measures; and to
 “ crown the whole, Murder,---black!
 “ detestable Murder! ---And yet have
 “ they the Confidence to appear before
 “ your Lordship, to oppose this Lady’s
 “ being Joint in an Appeal, which is the
 “ only Means left her to bring the princi-
 “ pal Actor of this horrid Scene to Justice:
 “ tho’ if, as I make no Doubt your Lord-
 “ ship will be inclined to allow her that
 “ Advantage, it will be of so little Use to
 “ her, they have split this Cause into so
 “ many Points, and made so many unne-
 “ cessary Parties to them; if, I say, your
 “ Lordship should be so inclin’d, it is my
 “ Belief, that even, tho’ she had a For-
 “ tune able to support the Prosecution of
 “ it, the youngest Man here present will
 “ never live to see it brought to a Deter-
 “ mination.

“ For my Part, my Lord, I had the
 “ most audacious Insult put upon me, that
 “ I believe was ever offered any Man liv-
 “ ing, that had the Honour to fill a Chair
 “ of Justice: They appealed, my Lord,
 “ from

“ from a Sentence that had never been
 “ pronounced, three Days before the
 “ Cause came on to be tried ; tho’, hav-
 “ ing examined Mrs. *Muilman* personally,
 “ I was no longer surprized at any thing
 “ they did : And, my Lord, as to the
 “ Matter that Mr. *Muilman*’s Council has
 “ advanced in Opposition to her being ad-
 “ mitted joint in this Appeal, they say,
 “ Mr. *Muilman* has married under the
 “ Sanction of that Sentence. Oh ! mon-
 “ strous Vindication ! under what Sen-
 “ tence ! and how obtain’d ? They say
 “ too, I think, he lives with a Lady as
 “ his Wife, by whom he has several Chil-
 “ dren.

“ What a wicked Pass are we come to !
 “ my Lord, that a Man shall openly, and
 “ in the Face of your Lordship, dare pre-
 “ sume to allege the Crime itself in his
 “ Justification. How well do I know your
 “ Lordship’s Love of Justice and clear
 “ Discernment ; and that was one prin-
 “ cipal Reason why I so readily embraced
 “ the Opportunity of becoming this poor
 “ Woman’s Council, glad from my Soul,
 “ that I should warn your Lordship of the
 “ Rock I myself have split upon. — If
 “ they have a Right, my Lord, why do
 “ they delay so industriously the bringing
 “ that Right to Proof ? Oh no, my Lord ;
 “ too

“ too well they know the Scenes of Wick-
 “ edness that must come to Light, when-
 “ ever that Day happens.

“ I shall tire your Lordship no longer,
 “ only than, as an honest Man, to recom-
 “ mend to your Lordship the Interest of
 “ this poor distressed Lady, who is really
 “ an Object worthy your Lordship’s
 “ Compassion ; and make no Doubt
 “ but you will please to direct, that Mrs.
 “ *Muilman* shall stand joint in this Ap-
 “ peal.”

The pathetic moving Manner this Speech was deliver’d with, and the honest Concern that appear’d in the Eyes of the worthy Gentleman who spoke it, fill’d the whole Court with silent Consternation ; Amazement appear’d in all their Looks : But, to be as little tedious as possible, the Council being all heard, notwithstanding the learned Arguments on the other Side in Favour of Mrs. *Darnell*, &c. my Lord ordered, that Mrs. *Muilman* should stand joint in the Appeal.

This being ended to her Wishes, as it gave her still a greater Insight of the Method in which her Husband resolved to proceed, a serious Examination of the whole together, it may be imagined, must give her some shocking Reflections ; for the least Evil she could foresee, was a Life of Law, Misery,

Misery, and Uneasiness. Happy was it for her she was born with the Spirit and Fortitude she is blessed with; for, we believe, there are few Men, and sure there is no Woman but herself, who would not have lay'd down and died, under a Prospect of such endless Difficulties.

The Readers will please to observe, all she had been heretofore doing was frustrated by the *timely Death* of *Delasfield*; for, by that Means she lost the Benefit of the Publication of the Depositions of all her Witnesses, which therefore must come over again; and, as some of them, necessary to prove the first Marriage of *Delasfield* and *Yeomans*, were old and infirm, Mr. *Muilman* stood a good Chance of their dying, *without composing Draughts*, in the two or three Years Time, that the determining of this *previous Point* would take up before the Court of Delegates; and this was a Matter of too much Moment to her, not to give it the most serious Consideration; an Evil that seem'd so remediless, she was an Hundred Times upon the Point of giving up all further Pursuit, and had no other Person been involved, it is our firm Belief she would have done so: but she had received some very great Assistance from Mr. *H——*, which she had no other

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Prospect of making a Return for, than by the Prosecution of that Cause; therefore, much more for the Sake of the People concern'd with her than her own, she resolv'd, maugre all the Difficulties thrown in her Way, still to proceed; and having consulted with those of her Council whom she the most confided in, the only Thing they could think of to prevent the Misfortune of her losing any of the Testimony of her Witnesses by Death was, for her to suffer a real Creditor to bring an Action of Debt against her, to which she was to plead her Marriage with Mr. *Muilman*. The Creditor was to oppose against that, the Sentence obtain'd against her, and to that Plea she to join Issue upon the first Marriage of *Delasfield* and *Yeomans*.

Tho' I should premise to my Readers, this very Thing was no more than they themselves had done before while she was in *France*, and immediately after the Sentence was pronounced, in which Mr. *Henry Beans* was Attorney, and Mr. Serjeant *Darnell* was Council for a pretended Plaintiff, in a fictitious Action brought against Mr. *Muilman*, to try the Strength of that particular Point, for on that depended Mr. *Muilman's* being, or not being, liable to her Debts.

How-

However the Court was of Opinion, that he was liable; and *Serjeant Darnell*, perceiving that, suffered a *Non-Suit* to this pretended *Action*, to prevent it's being made a *Matter of Record*; and the Thing was hudled up, and never came to her Knowledge.

But *Mr. H* ——— being at that Time Under-Sheriff, and some of her Council present when the Thing was tried, they thought this would be the only Way then practicable, by which the Testimony of her Witnesses could be preserved.

This she set instantly about; and being perfectly well acquainted with a young Lady, Sister to the Person who served her with Beer, she prevailed with her to persuade her Brother to send her a Copy of a Writ for a Bill for which she was indebted to him; which he accordingly did, and *Mrs. Muilman* took the Management of it upon herself: But as the Thing was amicable, and was carried on with rather greater Expedition than is usual in controverted Actions, it came at last to *Serjeant Darnell's Ears*, who very well knew what was intended by such a Trial; and therefore, conscious of the Consequence, was greatly alarm'd.

The

The first they heard of it was in Trinity-Term, and it was not to be tried 'till the *October* following. In the mean Time they set every Engine at Work that their Imaginations could suggest, to prevent or put a Stop to it.

Serjeant *Darnell's* Lady was sent to Lady ———, who they hop'd, from a certain Degree of Consanguinity and Dependence which the Judge had upon her, would have some Influence in the Court this Cause was to be tried in.

The good Serjeant himself made close Application likewise to the Judge; and, in fine, there was nothing left undone that they thought could frustrate this Attempt, and, at last, wisely debating the Affair, it was resolved by Serjeant *Darnell*, Mr. *Muilman* should move the Court, that Mrs. *Muilman* should shew Cause why an Information should not go against her, for endeavouring to try a collusive Point before the Court: And, at the same Time, there was another Information to be moved for, against some People who had been concern'd for her as Agents, under Pretence that they had endeavoured to suborn Witnesses for her; for this last was a necessary Contrivance to draw a Disreputation upon Mrs. *Muilman* and her Witnesses, the better to colour so extraordinary a Proceeding; and

and accordingly she was served with a Notice of Motion for the next Term.

The Reader will please to observe, that this Cause was not yet tried which Mr. Serjeant *Darnell* so well understood, and took upon him to call a collusive one; nor was it ever tried; therefore, we are still in the Dark whether it was, or was not, an illegal Practice; for all Proceedings were ordered to be stopt before the Cause came into Court: A Transaction we imagine will be looked upon something premature, as we believe it is altogether unprecedented in a Judge to take Cognizance of a Cause 'till it comes into Court.

However Forms, and Laws too, were to be dispensed with, when it was to oppress her; and tho' it would be looked upon, in this Age, as an extraordinary Proceeding, that a Judge was to take upon him to examine into the Merits of a Cause in his Chambers, two Months before it was intended to be tried; yet, in Favour of Mr. *Muikman* (*poor Man!*) and his Family, every thing was just, — every thing reasonable.

But, before we proceed farther in the Midst of these ruinous Machinations to distress this poor Lady, we shall give our Readers a Dialogue that pass'd between

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her

her and the Judge, which cannot be better recited than in her own Words.

Perhaps some of our Readers will be inclined to think there is too little Respect in her Replies; but if they will bring her Oppressions to their Remembrance, and the monstrous Partiality she has been treated with, we believe they will think the Tartness of her Repartee very excusable.

She says, that in order to terrify her into an Acknowledgement of something which they might lay hold of; in the latter End of *August*, which was the long Vacation before the Cause was to be tried; the Judge sent her several Summons to appear at his Chambers; none of which she obeyed: But at last, having consulted with some of her Friends, they advised her to go and see to what Intent those Summons were sent her; which she did.

But this Visit was quite unexpected, and at none of the Times that her Attendance was required. When she came into the Chambers, she asked one of the Clerks, if the Judge was there; who, not knowing her, replied, *He was.* Upon which he opened the Door, and she went in; where she found the Judge sitting, with Serjeant *Darnell* by him, with the Serjeant's Mouth close to his Ear in private Conference.

They

They were both greatly surprized at her so sudden Appearance: The Serjeant indeed had the Grace to blush up to the Ears; but the GREAT MAN *drew himself up into an Air of Dignity*, and, with a Tone of Authority, demanded, *Who are you, pray?*

The Serjeant took the Liberty to answer for her: Oh, my ———, this is that *vile Woman*, who, I have been just now telling your ———, had the Impudence to write to me, that I had prostituted my Daughter to her Husband. ——— No, my ———, replied she, this is that poor injured Lady, who, it is true, wrote to that *old Villain* that sits by you; reproaching him, that he had *knowingly* and *willingly* prostituted his Daughter to her Husband; and she consents to prove the Truth of this instantly, before his Face; and will not only shew it under his own Hand-Writing, but also backed by your ———'s own Opinion. My ———, continued she, my Name is *Muilman*; I come to know your ———'s Commands, and what I have been summoned here so often for?

Judge. Oh pray, Madam, what Cause is this you have brought before me?

Mrs. Muilman. None, my ———, that I know of.

M 2 *Judge.*

Judge. None, Madam! what do you mean by that? Pray, what is the Cause of ——— against *Muilman*?

Mrs. M. Oh! my ———, I understand you now; but I did not know that a Judge ever took Cognizance of a Cause, before it came into Court.

J. That may be, Madam; but, pray, who was it that advised you to join Issue in that Cause, upon the Marriage of *De-la-field* and *Yeoman*.

Mrs. M. My ———, I won't tell you.

J. You won't tell me, Madam! [*With an Air of Terror, not unlike the Delphic Priestess big with prophetic Fury.*] I'll make you tell me, Madam!

Mrs. M. You may endeavour at it, my ———; but it is above a hundred to one if you succeed.

J. Your proud Spirit may be taught to bend, Madam.

Mrs. M. Even in that, my ———, you are still mistaken; for there is nothing in my Nature so pliant that the most wicked Tyranny can bend.

J. You don't know, Madam; you'll find that Courts of Justice have *long Claws*.

Mrs. M. It may be so, my ———; but I have been so *scratched* by them already, I am quite unconcerned at their Power.

J. We shall try that.

Mrs.

Mrs. M. But pray, my ———, in my Turn, let me beg to ask your ——— one Question?

J. Pray, what is that?

Mrs. M. Does your ——— fit here in your judicial Capacity?

J. What is that to you, Madam?

Mrs. M. Nay, my ———, no farther than that I thought it a pretty unusual Thing for a Judge to try Causes in his Chamber.

Mr. Serj. Darnell. Did your ——— ever see so violent-spirited and impudent a Creature?

Mrs. M. Did your ——— ever see such a mean-spirited, wicked, old Scoundrel?

J. Madam, I shall not give you any further Answer.

Mrs. M. Nor I ask your ——— any other Question.

Upon which she withdrew; and thus ended this famous Interview, which, we believe our Readers will conclude, *did not prejudice that Great Man much in her Favour.*

After this, the Plagues and Difficulties that they contrived to cut out for her, are scarce to be credited: She was obliged to vindicate the Characters of the People concerned for her, as well as those of her Witnesses, and unravel to the very Bot-

from the Meaning of this Transaction; and at last she found out, that the Accusation against the People concerned for her, was a cooked-up Story, which Mr. *Muilman* paid very handsomely for; and yet all they could make of it, was to put Mrs. *Muilman* to above Four Hundred Pounds Expence, in shewing Cause to oppose that Information; for she was obliged to bring the whole Affair from *Doctors Commons* before the Court, and also Affidavits from all the Witnesses, to support her Proofs; which, with Ten Counsel that were see'd and employed, and Briefs of above forty Sheets each, any one that has ever had the Misfortune of going to Law, well knows the Expence of.

However, there being not the least Colour for granting such an Information, that Motion was over-ruled; but it was otherwise with poor Mrs. *Muilman* herself; no Proof was sufficient to clear her of this intended Collusion to try a Point, and accordingly the Day was fixed, and Mrs. *Muilman* attended at a Coffee-House near the Court; that, if her Council had any thing to say, she might be near.

But as her Law Disputes, with Mr. *Muilman*, has perhaps furnished more Precedents than any one Cause that ever came before a Court, as soon as the Court was assembled,

affembled, it was taken Notice of by every one, with what *a determined Air of Passion and Resentment* the ——— entered: Every body remarked it, and cried, Oh! poor Mrs. *Muilman*! she will be mauled.

As soon as they were seated, the first Question was, Where is the Defendant? Her Council replied, that she was very near, and would attend when the Court thought proper. I will have her now in Court, replied the Judge. Her Council replied, that Mrs. *Muilman* had a violent Cold; and, as there were ten Council of a Side, the Pleadings would take up so much Time, it would endanger her Health, and be inconvenient for her to be so long in Court; and that they (all her Council) would undertake for her Appearance, to abide by the Determination of the Court.

But all their Arguments were of no Effect: The Judge was so fond of the Light of her Countenance, that he was resolved she should be brought into Court; which she was obliged to comply with. Indeed there was some little Reason for this, when we consider the Thing coolly; for, as the Judge was a thorough Master of the Cause on one Side, before he came into Court, the Security of her Commitment made her Presence necessary, *that the Claw of Justice*

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might

might not be disappointed of a *premeditated Scratch*.

Mrs. *Muilman* being in Court, the Cause was opened, and very learnedly debated by ten Council against her; who all behaved in the most Gentlemen-like Manner, except one, a white-faced Pratler, much more eminent for his Assurance than his Understanding, and for which our Apologist has more than once been obliged to chastise him publicly.

These Gentlemen were answered by as many on her Part; and then the Plaintiff was produced, who swore to his Debt, and brought his Books and Servants into Court to prove it; and also, that he was not privy to any Collusion, or other Intent or Meaning of the Defendant, but such as is usual in the Defence of all other Causes. No Matter for that: It was the Opinion of the ———, that Mrs. *Muilman*, the Plaintiff, and Attorney, should all stand committed.

Our Readers may imagine, after the Dialogue she had had with the Judge, she came prepared to meet with as little Favour as possible; but she still had a Dependence that she thought would have been of some small Use to her, *viz.* As this Cause had never been before the Court, she was of Opinion, that a Judge would be

be very tender how he proceeded upon the Merits, which could never have come to his Ear but in Whispers: But so well had her good Husband *dressed up his Story*, that he found it no Difficulty to prevail with Great Men to serve him, even at the Expence of their own Reputation.

Mrs. *Muilman's* Commitment was a Victory to him, (as *Shakespear* says) worth a Jew's Eye. He went upon Change, and vapoured about with the Pride of a Man who had found the Longitude; and did not fail to insinuate to all the People in the City, that he had got her committed for some abominable Crime.

She was accordingly carried, in the Custody of a Tipstaff, to a House of Confinement, where, the next Day, one of her Council, in whose Opinion she always placed an unreserved Confidence, sent her a Copy or Form of a Petition to the Court, to be admitted to Bail; but when she opened it, and found it prefaced in this Form, *That whereas your Petitioner has justly and truly incurred the Displeasure of the Court, &c.* she returned it to the Messenger; and desired him to tell Mr. —, that she thought he knew her better, than to imagine she would sign her Name to so infamous a Falshood; and to assure him, that, before she would do it, she would

lay there and rot: Which Message being delivered, that Gentleman had the Goodness and Condescension (though it was not usual for him to appear in that Court) to go himself, and move, that Mrs. *Muilman* might be brought up and admitted to Bail.

He made an Apology to the Judge, that he knew the Court ought to be moved, by Petition; but that he hoped Forms might be dispensed with in Favour of Ladies, &c. which was consented to; for we believe it was thought adviseable, not to make her Punishment too bitter! There was a Necessity to warrant all former Proceedings, that she should be punished; for, if the Court had been of Opinion, that it was a just Debt, and that Mrs. *Muilman* had a Right to defend it, as her Council advised, what would have been the Consequence, we believe, is pretty obvious. But (according to the old Saying) to be sure, if a Man is hanged, he must be guilty; tho', we believe, this is the first Instance that ever happened in *England*, of any one's being hanged before they were tried.

Mrs. *Muilman* was accordingly brought up and admitted to Bail; which Bail, each of them, undertook in a Thousand Pounds Penalty, herself in double the Sum, that she should answer to certain Interrogatories, which

which were filed against her in the — Office, touching the Matter of this Collusion, which she accordingly did: And indeed it found her Work for twelve Months; for the Questions that they asked her filled two large Skins of Parchment: And were we not sensible how much our Readers Patience must be tired with these dry Matters of Litigation, for the Curiosity of the Thing, and to shew them the vile Chicanery the Law leaves room for, we would really insert them here, with her Answers; but that very Proceeding alone would make a Volume: Therefore we shall content ourselves with only informing them, that, after examining her upon Oath to above an hundred unaccountable Questions, she found the Drift of the Whole was to make her confess, which of her Council, by Name, had advised her to join Issue in that Cause, upon the Marriage of *Delafeld* and *Yeomans*; which, in plain *English*, was to worm out of her enough to throw some Reflections upon a Great Man in the Law, by whose Counsel they knew she was principally directed.

But all their Endeavours were fruitless, for Mrs. *Muilman* always laid it down as a fixed Principle, that, whatever Attempts they might make upon her, nothing should force her to sacrifice her Friends to their
infamous

infamous Machinations; — therefore she positively refused to answer that Question, viz. Who was the Council, by Name, that was her Adviser? *And the Judge had Reason to believe, she could answer for her own Fortitude, when she told him, he might endeavour, but that it was an hundred to one if he succeeded.*

Her Examination being ended, each Party was to take Copies of it, and a most voluminous Proceeding it was; for, with the Interrogatories and the Answers, Affidavits, &c. the Briefs could not be brought within the Compass of forty Sheets.

However, the Day being appointed for the Cause to come on, the several Parties appeared, and the Affair was very learnedly debated by ten Council on each Side: But (as nobody has paid dearer for the Experience they have had in the Law, than our Apologist) if it be true, *that Losers have Leave to speak*, we ought not to overlook one Remark of hers, which is also generally complained of, viz. that, to the very great Scandal of Courts of Justice, there are some Council who take the Liberty to say every thing that comes in their Heads, whether true or false, to asperse the Character of the Party they are employed against, in order to prejudice the Court or Jury against them, and Custom has

has given them the Privilege of doing this with Impunity; an Instance of which she recites, with Regard to that *white-fac'd Prater* we have before mentioned; who, in her Case, as soon as his Turn came to speak, quite neglectful of his Brief, began by dragging in a Matter, *Head and Shoulders*, that had no Sort of Affinity to the Question before the Court, only to introduce some mean, low *Ribaldry* to put her out of Countenance, which, to her Astonishment, was listen'd to and *smil'd* at, by Men of that respectful Character; and she herself was forc'd to call the *Chatterer* to Order, who preserved no more Decency to the Court, than if he had been holding forth to so many *superannuated Women*.

But while we put this Offender in Mind of his ill-Breeding, who has misbehaved to her, let us do Justice to the rest, by whom she confesses to have been treated with great Civility and Politeness; tho', having pretty well chastised this Babler in the Place of Action, we should not have taken any further Notice, did we not owe this to the Public; it is an Indecency he is so remarkable for, nothing less than a public Admonition can shame him into a more decent Behaviour.

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The Council being heard on both Sides, it was now the Opinion of the Court, she should again stand committed; first, for the Contempt, in not answering the Questions she was asked; and secondly, for endeavouring to try a *collusive Issue*: Tho' how the first Part could be laid to her Charge is pretty extraordinary; for the Council we have been just mentioning, told the Court, that it was most certain she had answer'd all the Interrogatories, Line by Line, in the most copious Manner; and yet, says this judicious Advocate, what will appear most extraordinary to the Court is, I will take upon me to affirm, there is no one direct Answer to the whole.

Be this as it will, her not answering was now to be Part of her Crime; but while we are mentioning *the great Decency that is preserved in the Courts of Law*, one Instance more occurs to us: When the Court had pronounced, that she should again stand committed, four or five of their Officers surrounded her at once, *ready to devour her*; upon which, to end their Dispute, she address'd herself to the Court, and beg'd they would be so good as to determine, which of their *Myrmidons* she was to be a Prey to. And, to do them Justice, they were very near sending some of
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those Gentlemen to Jail for their extraordinary Alacrity.

Her Council were all in great Concern for her, and one in particular, the present Master of the Rolls, a Gentleman remarkable for his great Humanity and good Nature, assured her, that her Confinement would not be long. Mrs. *Muilman* thank'd him for the Consolation he endeavour'd to give her, and assur'd him, she had no Mortification for the Treatment she had met with; *for, being well persuaded what must be the Conclusion of a Transaction that had such a Beginning, she came very well prepar'd to meet the Event; even, says she, with my Night-Cap in my Pocket: This was spoke loud enough to give the Court the Curiosity to ask, What she said? Who replied, Nothing, but that she has brought her Night-Cap in her Pocket.*

After this, she was carried to the same House of Confinement, where she continued four or five Days; and then her Council moved, she should be brought up to receive the Sentence of the Court, which they were pleas'd out of their *great Clemency and Goodness*, and in Consideration of her being twice committed, her Examination, and *most extraordinary Expence*, to *soften* into a Fine of *Thirteen and Four Pence,*

Pence, with full Costs to the Prosecutor, which amounted to near Four Hundred Pounds; And this she was obliged to pay in Court, before she could be discharged; and sit down besides with her own Expenses, which amounted to a great deal above that Sum: And with this *Indulgence* she was discharged.

But as these are *Cases in Point*, we believe will not be frequently cited, it may, perhaps, in Time become a Practice quite out of Use; therefore, for the particular Benefit of the able Practitioners of the Law, called Attorneys, a Set of Gentlemen she has a particular Esteem for, we give it a Place here: And, as a further Incitement for them to purchase her Work, hereafter we shall give them a Scheme, (which, skillfully managed, may be very advantageous to them) call'd *The Art of Bill-Taxing*; wherein she purposes to set forth the Form and Manner of keeping a Bill of 157 l. above three Years before a Master in Taxing, when the Attorney has been paid, in full, four Years before; and putting a Client to three hundred Pounds Expence in that Taxation, the Benefit of an Attorney's forswearing himself, &c. &c. With several other useful, attendant Instructions in this Art.

N. B. There is one Particular, Attorneys must be always careful of: Whenever they give in their Bills to a Master, by the Direc-

Direction of the Court, tho' their Clients have paid them Five Hundred Pounds, *they must give them no Credit*, for that will cut them short of many beneficial Items, which we will explain the Nature of hereafter.

But before we lose Sight of this Transaction, we think ourselves bound to observe with what Art and Cunning Mr. *Muilman*, and his Emissaries, have endeavoured to blacken and asperse the Character of every one who ventured to be concern'd for her.

Her Commitment, with the Plaintiff and Attorney, which all the public News-Papers rung with, was instantly magnified into a Crime of the most atrocious Nature, *which every one talked of, but no body understood*; for so very unprecedented was such a Proceeding, we are sure that Hundreds of the People who were in Court, went out as uninformed of the Nature of the Thing, as if the Pleadings had been in *Greek*.

But what we particularly regret, is the unjust and invidious Calumnies cast upon Mr. *H ———*, who was her Solicitor; as tho' this had been all a wicked Contrivance of his, *and by his being a Partaker in the Punishment, pray who would have doubted it?* But to do that worthy honest Gentleman's Character the Justice she is bound

bound in Honour and Conscience to do, she does aver, that it was done in general by the Advice of all her Council; who, we suppose, thought it no more a Crime in her, than it had been in Mr. *Muilman*, never reflecting on the old Proverb, that *one Man might steal a Horse with more Safety than, &c.*

Had he been inclined to have vindicated his own Character, he had the full Power of doing it; for, she says, he has the Pleadings in that Cause now in his Possession, in the Hand-Writing of one of the greatest Men this Day in the Law: And no doubt, so far he was to blame; for it was not enough that he should know in his Conscience, he deserved no Reflections from the World; he ought to have sacrificed every thing to the Justification of his own Character.

From hence the World will perceive, how an innocent Man's Reputation may be ruined by the Machinations of wickedly designing People; and this was carried still to a greater Length with regard to him, even (as we have before-mentioned) to the entire Ruin of him with his Family, from whom he, with great Justice, might have expected a large Fortune; and, deserted by them, the World soon followed their Example: So that she has the Affliction to be sensible, that, to his Endeavours to
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do her Justice, he owes his Ruin; attended with this Mortification also, that Fortune has put it out of her Power to make him any Return, but this of doing his injured Character Justice: And to shew the Public, that this Affair arises from no unfair or unjust Practice of his, as has been basely insinuated; it would have been the same had an Angel been concerned for her, from the vile Representations of Mr. *Muilman* and his Emiffaries; who dreaded nothing so much as her having a stedfast Friend in a Gentleman of his Integrity, and one so well qualify'd by his excellent Judgment in his Profession, to advise her.

As soon as this Storm of Information, Examination, &c. was blown over, the next Piece of Artifice Mr. *Muilman* contrived to put in Agitation, was to move the Court of Chancery, that Mrs. *Muilman* should be obliged to make her Option of Suits; which to make intelligible to our Readers, in the best Manner we are able, is this: Mrs. *Muilman* having commenced her Suit in *Dofors Commons*, where, in all Matrimonial Causes, the Husband is obliged to allow his Wife a certain Alimony, under the Direction of the Court, for her Maintenance, and to enable her to carry on the Cause she is prosecuting: But, in her Case, that was denied; for Mr. *Muil-*
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man alleged, that, upon their agreeing to part, he had given her a separate Maintenance; and that that Court had no Power to take Cognizance of the fraudulent Manner by which he got it from her; therefore she was advised to bring a Bill in Chancery against him, for a Restitution of that Deed of Settlement, as has been mentioned in the first Book of this Narrative: But as the Ecclesiastical Court had no Power to compel him to give her a Maintenance, he was resolved to oppose, in the strongest Manner he possibly could, her having any Relief in Chancery; which, we confess, was no bad Policy; for there could not be a more effectual Way of destroying her Pretensions, than by starving her: That Way he might have a Chance of killing her; for, after what she had seen, it may be well imagined, she took Care never to put it in his Power *to compose her*: Had she been ever so ill, *she would hardly have called him in as her Physician, or chosen to have her Coffin made before the Breath was out of her Body*: Therefore every Invention was tried to keep her from obtaining Relief.

First, they pray'd that the Court would be pleased to direct, which of the Suits she should be at Liberty to prosecute; and, especially, that she should be restrain'd from pursuing both at the same Time.

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But, happily for her, this came before that ever-to-be rever'd, great, and good Man, Lord *Talbot*, whose Penetration nothing was too dark for, and whose never-erring Judgment is a lasting Monument of his consummate Wisdom: His Readiness always to protect and countenance the poor and the oppress'd, is the strongest Proof of his Love of Justice; for, in his Lordship's Administration, it was plainly perceivable, the Laws were made to protect the poor against the rich, and not the rich, &c.

When the Motion was made, his Lordship soon perceiv'd what they drove at, and declared, " That, for his Part, he would
 " never restrain her from any Remedy she
 " was advis'd to take; that, whether his
 " Opinion agreed with their Forms or not,
 " he was quite indifferent; for (says his
 " Lordship) if I can perceive Light thro'
 " an Hedge, and cannot pass it, I will
 " certainly jump over it;—and, by what
 " I have already heard of this Cause,
 " there has been so many Oppressions
 " put upon this poor Lady, I should be
 " sorry to add to their Weight;—and
 " really, I think Mr. *Muilman* needs no
 " other Advantages against her, than those
 " he makes so frequent Use of upon the
 " BIBLE."

HOW



O W. tedious soever this dry Narration may seem to our Readers, and particularly to such as are prejudic'd in Favour of those great Personages, of whom Truth obliges us to make unfavourable Mention; we hope they will have the Candour to reflect, how material a Part of her Story this makes. She is far from taking any malignant Pleasure in this Sort of Vengeance; for she is well convinced, Doctor *Hinchman's* Prophecy was fulfill'd in the Treatment she met with, viz. "*That unless the Judge, before whom this Cause might happen to be carried, was endow'd with the clearest Discernment, even to Inspiration, their Machinations must deceive him; and, in Consequence, &c. &c.*"

But the having been twice committed to Jail, which Mr. *Muilman* and his Emissaries took Care to improve, by injuriously giving out, that her Punishment fell upon her for Crimes of the most wicked Nature, is there any Way left for her, but that of fairly stating the Case to the Publick? and this

this she hopes will clear her Character from such Imputations.

But, be that as it may, this Transaction employ'd near two Years of her Life: Her Punishment for that Affair made so great a Noise in the World, her Enemies laid hold of it as a Pretence to cast the blackest Aspersions upon her; and, to this Hour, there are some thousands in the City of *London*, on whose Minds her Commitment made such unfavourable Impressions, that she has been call'd upon to justify herself in this Particular, by Numbers of People who are inclin'd to wish her well.

It may possibly be alleged against her as an unpardonable Neglect, not to have set such a public Transaction in it's true Light sooner; but our Readers will soon perceive it was not her Fault; — *the Hand of Power was over her, and to such a Degree prejudic'd, had she wrote a Ballad to sarcify her own Distress, the CLAW OF JUSTICE would have laid hold of her, and the good Serjeant DARNELL would have been Council against her: —* And tho' we admit, she has Spirit enough to withstand even Power, yet the Inconvenience of paying so many Hundreds for it, was an insurmountable Difficulty.

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She has, however, the Candour to admit, that those, who, being deceiv'd themselves, then thought it *meritorious* to oppress her, would have acted a very different Part, had they been better inform'd.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.



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